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LASELL FEMALE SEMINARY.

Ten miles west of Boston, on the Boston and Albany Railroad, is the charming village of Auburndale, not unworthy the name of that spot made classic by the muse of Goldsmith,—

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

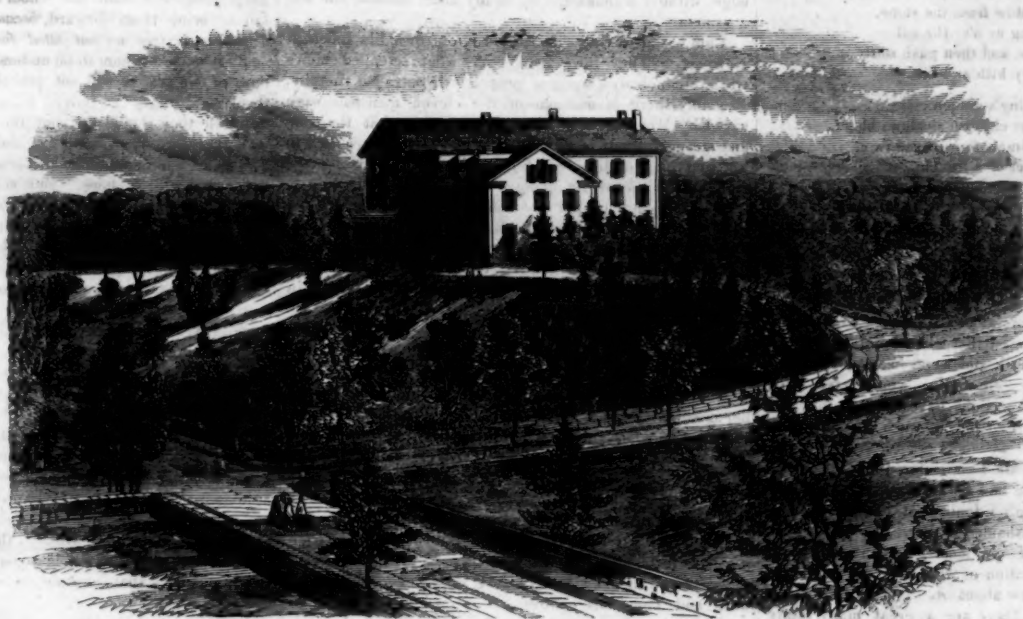
The whole region is remarkable for its picturesque scenery, for the richness of its soil, and for the extent to which cultivation and taste have developed its natural features and resources. Hence the several villages that bear the name of Newton are famous all over New England. Auburndale, if younger in point of settlement, is equal, and perhaps superior, in some respects to her more aged sisters. But between a bevy of such lovely country beauties it is hard to decide which ought to bear the palm; certain, it is, however, that if ever an educational institution was wisely and fortunately placed, that is Lasell Female Seminary. Like Jerusalem, it is "beautiful for situation," being planted on a hill surrounded by hills. To render it still more like Jerusalem, it has a "pool," or rather, a chalybeate well, which bids fair to dis-

tinguish the village, to the extinguishing of its earlier fame. The institution of which we are writing, combines all the disciplinary regulations of the strictest school, with the sweet and genial amenities of domestic life. This is a rare feature. Nor is such the case because it is Lasell Seminary; it is because those who have control of the establishment, both by disposition and design, cause it to be so. The school may not always be in such keeping. It was not Rugby that made Arnold the successful teacher he was; it was Arnold that made Rugby one of the first and best of English great schools. Such advantages, of course, are not to be procured for nothing. It was not the intention to see how cheap a school can be made, for a school of this size cannot be made cheap, if it be good. The plan too often pursued is, to fix upon the price to be charged, and then make up the board of teachers, etc., to fit it. The plan here has been to try to make the school just what it ought to be, and then charge what such a school really costs. But while no reasonable expense has been spared in making up the arrangements, it has still been the aim to keep the price within the medium range, so as to bring it within reach of as many as possible. Here this school diverges from many high grade seminaries. While the institution is made of the very highest order so far as relates to an advanced English and Classical course of study, and while the very best advantages are afforded for the study of Music, Painting, French, etc., there is still very

special attention given to the rudiments of a good English education. Nothing is neglected here. Very few schools give such special attention to Spelling, Pronunciation, Reading, the Elements of Arithmetic, Grammar, etc., as this. The first effort is to teach pupils to read, write and speak the English language correctly and with ease. The most backward pupils are put into the hands of the most experienced teachers, and carefully trained until they have acquired correct habits of study and thinking.

This article would be incomplete did we not give our readers the following facts. The expenses of the Seminary, are for boarders, including Gymnastics and tuition in English and Latin, \$375 per year, or \$125 per term, payable each term in advance. Day scholars per term, in English and Latin, \$25. In addition to this there are moderate extra charges for Music on Piano, Singing Lessons in private, Music on Organ, Modern Languages, Drawing, etc., varying from \$5 to \$30. All further information will be cheerfully furnished by the Principal, Rev. Charles W. Cushing.

The picture that illustrates this article, though a pretty faithful likeness, must yet necessarily leave much to the



tinguish the village, to the extinguishing of its earlier fame. It was the aim of the founder of Lasell to make it a school for young ladies, of the very highest and choicest grade—not a place merely where girls may acquire a few showy accomplishments, without any substantial base, but where solid culture would be made as prominent, and be pursued as thoroughly as in any ladies' seminary or college in the land. This is just what is needed, what every judicious parent who has daughters to educate and provide for, most earnestly desires; and this, Lasell has done and is doing. Another aim kept constantly in view is the health of the students. A frail, broken-down encyclopædia of female accomplishments is one of the most useless of human beings. And yet the system of female education as generally pursued in our fashionable institutions and high schools, has this unfortunate tendency much too generally. The reason is, because only one part of the duty of the educator is attended to—the mental training; while the physical and moral culture are left to take care of themselves. The whole tendency of the present system of education, both in public and private schools, is to overtax the memory, and unduly excite the already too delicate organization, and consequently to shatter the whole nervous system. It is absurd to suppose that the acquisition of a good, sound education involves the risk of such a calamity, and yet we are assured by reliable authority, that the number of boys and girls who "break down" in our schools at the present day, is alarming

formity, no matter at what sacrifice, to certain iron rules. The institution of which we are writing, combines all the disciplinary regulations of the strictest school, with the sweet and genial amenities of domestic life. This is a rare feature. Nor is such the case because it is Lasell Seminary; it is because those who have control of the establishment, both by disposition and design, cause it to be so. The school may not always be in such keeping. It was not Rugby that made Arnold the successful teacher he was; it was Arnold that made Rugby one of the first and best of English great schools.

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imagination. The exquisite verdure of the trees and lawns, the aroma of flowers and leaves, the sweet, pure air and the song of birds, cannot be transferred to paper. Happily the young lady whose educational home is Lasell.

A brother narrates this novel story of clerical intrusion:—"Last Sabbath as a matter of courtesy, and in compliance with the wishes of a few persons in my congregation, I gave up my pulpit for the day to a minister of the Christian denomination. At the close of the afternoon service I received from him the first intimation that he was about to baptize one of the probationers in our Church. I immediately arose in the desk, and told him such a proceeding was an infringement on the rights of our Church, and evinced on his part a great lack of ministerial courtesy. He replied that as she was not a full member of our Church he had a right to baptize her, and proceeded to do so. I would like you to inform us through the HERALD if ministers of other denominations have a right to baptize our probationers without consulting us."

This is the boldest attempt to steal lambs from a flock, that we have lately, if ever, heard of. The impudence of the intruder was unequalled. Of course he could claim no such rights, and we are surprised that his presumption soared so high.

John Stuart Mill says:—"Royalty is an anomaly in the modern world, in marked opposition to its customs and principles." What says *The London Recorder* to that?

Original and Selected Papers.

THE FIELD SWEET-BRIER.

I love the flowers that bloom about with spring,
And whether they be scarlet, white or blue,
It mattereth to me not anything,
For when I see them full of sun and dew,
My heart doth get so full with its delight,
I know not blue from red, nor red from white.

Sometimes I choose the lily, without stain —
The royal rose sometimes the best I call,
Then the low daisy, dancing with the rain,
Doth seem to me the finest flower of all;
And yet if only one could bloom for me —
I know right well what flower that one would be!

Yes, so I think my native wilding brier,
With just her thin four leaves, and stem so rough,
Could, with her sweetness, give me my desire,
Ay, all my life long give me sweets enough;
For though she be not vaunted to excel,
She in all modest grace aboundeth well.

And I would have no whit the less content,
Because she hath not won the poet's voice,
To pluck her little stars for ornament,
And that no man were poorer for my choice,
Since she performs must shine above the rest
In comely looks, because I love her best!

When fancy taketh wing, and wills to go
Where all selected glories blush and bloom,
I search and find the flower that used to grow
Close by the door-stone of the dear old home —
The flower whose knitted roots we did divide
For sad transplanting when the mother died.

All of the early and the latter May,
And through the windless heats of middle June,
Our green armed brier held for us day by day,
The morning coolness till the afternoon,
And every bird that took his grateful share,
Sang with a heavenlier tongue than elsewhere.

And when from out the west the low sun shone,
It used to make our pulses leap and thrill,
To see her lift her shadow from the stone,
And push it in among us o'er the sill —
O'erstraw with flowers, and then push softly in,
As if she were our very kith and kin.

So, seeing still at evening's golden close
This shadow with our childish shadows blend,
We came to love our simple four-leaved rose,
As if she were a sister or a friend.
And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose,
Our wild sweet-brier, would be the one to choose.

ALICE CARY.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

One of the lady speakers at the Woman's Rights Convention at Indianapolis, stated that when her daughter was born, she turned to the wall and wept, because the baby was a girl. I guess her own mother would have cried harder than she did, if she could have foreseen that her daughter would ever be capable of such an unworthy thought.

Another woman — so-called — declared in a convention in New York, that she had always been ashamed that she was a woman. I have no doubt that half the women who heard her were also ashamed of her.

Others, and these are old maids, descant long and piteously upon the degradation of women in the marriage relation. Much they know about it. Not half so much as they would like to. There are a great many funny things in the world. Scarcely a day passes without developing the ludicrous ideas and events that make up the comedy of life, but among the most comical of queer things is the blatant eloquence of spinsters upon this subject of marriage. What do these women want? Something more than the suffrage right evidently; for there are thousands of our sex who honestly believe in this right, who yet accept, without question, the happy home duties of wives and mothers. Thousands who receive their baby daughters as precious gifts from the great Father's hand, and never think of communing with the wall as Mr. Jellaby on the glad occasions of their birth. Thousands more who thank God daily that the sweet shelter of a husband's manly affection is theirs; and theirs also, the dear privilege of refining and adorning home for his sake.

God himself decided the true mission of woman when he made her to be a helpmeet to her stronger brother. Not his inferior; not his slave or drudge; but his companion, his helpmeet. Not to take upon her frail strength the responsibilities of government; not to lift the heavy burdens that the Creator has fashioned for broader shoulders; not to do violence to the delicacy of her nature; but always and everywhere to labor, according to her individual powers, for humanity and the right.

The narrow views that would confine our labors to the hearthstone, are so essentially selfish that they find few advocates among those who pretend to culture and breadth of mind; and it is pleasant to know that the number of

such thin, shallow natures is daily becoming "beautifully less."

Ministers of the Gospel know very well that their success as laborers for Christ depends largely upon the coöperation of women as helpmeets. Even Paul, the learned apostle to the Gentiles, whose words are so often perverted into gentle hints for us to hide our light under the domestic bushel, speaks with reverent tenderness of "those women who labored with me in the Gospel." In all the self-denying labors which the Bible enjoins, there are none in which the quick instincts and sympathies of true womanhood are not needed to harmoniously complete the work. Here men and women have one aim, one interest, and a common experience, for, "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female."

The outcry which accuses all earnest, active women of a desire to unsex themselves, has no foundation in fact. A woman may recognize her right to vote, and still remain a woman. She may also be aware of her ability to vote intelligently, which is more than can be said of half the men who exercise their right of suffrage.

It would be strange, indeed, if we were so much more perfect than our brothers as to have no ultraisms or noisy radicals among us. We admit that there are coarse, wrong-headed women in the world, as there are coarse, wrong-headed men; but in neither instance does this class represent the race. We do not deny the genial influence of the sun because there are dark spots upon its face, and it is unjust as well as unkind, to taunt all women with the objectionable measures of a few.

An unwomanly woman is a sad sight indeed. Men look on her with sorrow, mixed with a sort of wonder as to "what she will do next," and her own sex shrink from intimacy with her. But it is not noble, unselfish work, of whatever nature, that lowers her. Who ever thought that Mrs. Boardman, the devoted missionary, was unwomanly, when, after the death of her husband, she made those toilsome journeys into the wilderness, and herself conducted religious worship among the Karens?

I never think of Mary Fletcher, stinting herself in food and clothing to maintain her orphans' home, and then riding abroad in all sorts of weather to carry the glad tidings of salvation to them who were perishing for lack of knowledge, without a thanksgiving in my heart because she was a woman.

I am proud of Grace Darling and our own Ida Lewis at Newport. They have both done what is called men's work, but nobody's sense of propriety is outraged thereby. Probably there is not one of the eleven men who were saved by Miss Lewis, who has ever thought that the time and strength spent in their rescue had been better used in knitting by the fireside. She saved a sheep among the rest. I don't know its opinions on the subject.

Did those few people who still insist that home is the only proper theatre for woman's action, ever hear of Florence Nightingale? Of Mrs. Fry, or Lady Rachel Russell, or Anna Haseltine Judson? Of myriads other noble women for whose honored names we have not space in this short article.

It makes one sick to hear or read the weak nonsense that is written or spoken on this subject by persons who are tolerably bright in other respects.

God made woman to be a helpmeet for man. This is her mission. Man needed her. He was dreadfully lonesome without her. He needed her softness and beauty to complete his rough, unfinished self. He needed too, the mighty strength of her unselfish love. All along the ages he has needed her, and never more than now. It is as true as ever, that it is not good for man to be alone.

But how is she to help him if she is to be shut out from all share in his enterprises? If she has no part in planning the ways and means? To be sure, she can cook his meals, wash and mend his clothes and keep him physically in working trim; but it does sometimes happen, that the ability to run the family machine is in the woman's intellect, rather than the man's, and her feminine sagacity has made her aware of that fact.

Now, if she is permitted to fill her true position as a helpmeet, there will be no trouble; but it is just possible, as many wives will admit, that the husband, instead of allowing her to work understandingly by his side, takes it into his head to lead off by himself. The result is perfectly natural. Little by little, the superior intellect gains the ascendancy, and the poor man, who might have developed a dignified, manly character by the side of his wife, soon, by his desire for supremacy, attains the unenviable privilege of performing in the domestic orchestra upon the second fiddle.

God has given to woman a noble mission. A mission to exalt, to console and strengthen, to beautify and refine our race. She understands and accepts the trust, looking forward and upward with a steady faith in the promise of the future.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION—OUR WHEREABOUTS.

BY REV. DR. BARROWS.

A wonderful change has occurred in our Church, on this subject, during the last thirty years. This change, we propose to show, has proved partially beneficial, and partially injurious.

One third of a century since, we had not a single theological school in our Church; and when the writer published several articles in the HERALD, advocating the early establishment of such a school, he was assailed by numerous opponents in the same paper, as a *visionary heretic*.

But, since that time, there has probably been more money donated to endow among us theological schools, than was then invested in the endowment of all our colleges and seminaries together! And we judge that it is easier now to raise funds among us for that branch of education than any other — especially in large sums.

This indicates a growing intelligence, wealth, liberality, and a high appreciation of an able ministry. And it has contributed largely to the elevation of both ministry and membership of the Church. These schools are yet too few among us, have too little money to support them, and too few pupils in them.

The loud call for strong and accomplished pastors in all parts of the country, is not only undiminished, by our supplies, but it actually becomes more vehement and persistent. The supplies are vastly inferior to the demands.

But, while we have been making this commendable progress, we have strangely forgotten, or overlooked, two things:—

1. That our ministerial supplies do not yet come chiefly from these schools. The seminaries and colleges are training to-day more men for the pulpit than our theological schools. In some Conferences this is not so; but in more of them it is true. And before any one attempts to disprove it, we hope he will consult the minutes of all the Conferences, and see who are received on trial, and where they come from; and then consult all the presiding elders, to learn where they find their numerous supplies for new and feeble appointments, where they grow up churches and ministers at once. Such supplies as these, are the only possible ones most presiding elders can obtain; often exhorters and local preachers with very little education, yet having "gifts, grace, and usefulness," rendering them acceptable to the people. And, that our churches are growing under the labors of such men, in many cases, is proof sufficient that Providence is calling them into the field, though we are doing next to nothing to assist them in preparation. Their age, poverty, obscurity, or timidity, keep them back from the school of the prophets, and we fail to bring them forward, because we have no funds to help them, or they are not fitted for the schools.

2. It does not seem to be understood, that, for the future, most of our pastors will not probably be graduates of our theological schools, if indeed attendants upon them. It is desirable they should be; but the probabilities are against it. Many, we know, who live and labor in and about the centres of our population, and seats of learning only, will not agree with us here. But those who understand our growing work, from Mexico to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, we think, will agree with us.

What are the indications of the supposition? Probably not enough, by four fifths or nine tenths, are now coming annually from these schools to supply our work; very many who feel themselves called of God to preach, and have proved themselves acceptable workmen, are by age, finance, or family circumstances, wholly unable to enter these schools at all; the Church is gladly receiving the labors of this class of preachers, and in many cases more gladly receiving them than those better educated, but with less versatility and tact for their work, though of equal piety. This large class of our incoming ministry seems to have been almost wholly overlooked by our educational appliances; and yet they come, will and must come, though our educational societies and theological schools may do nothing for them; for without them, new fields will not be occupied, new and feeble societies will be left unsupplied, and from that hour we are no longer a growing and aggressive Church.

Such, in brief, is a statement of the facts in the case, as we understand them. And if we are substantially correct, what is the practical conclusion?

1. Our Theological Schools, to accomplish their original purpose — the improvement of the ministry — must lower their standard of qualifications for admission, rather than as they have done, continually raise them, or they will continue, as now, to turn away scores, if not hundreds, who seek their advantages, because "not sufficiently advanced." Such a fact as this, could it have been foreseen by the original projectors of these schools, would have chilled the blood of every one of them! It is well said "let these go to the seminaries, and complete their academic course," provided this is possible. But every practical observer in our Church knows that up to this hour in our history, a small portion only, of our young ministry has before it a clear sea, through the Seminaries, Colleges, and Theological Schools. The only remaining question then is, shall that larger class, entering the ministry, evidently called of God and sought by the people, be allowed to spend their short time in preparation, where they can have both literary and theological advantages? If not, we harm the men and injure the Church.

But, to furnish these advantages, the Theological Schools must adopt or make more available, *partial courses* of study. This is being done of late vigorously by other denominations, whom we seem to be endeavoring to outrun, in the steepness and exclusiveness of our theological train-

ing, while no Church in the land has so much call for such partial courses, as ours; and when our young and hot zeal in ministerial education is a little abated, we hope some practical common sense, may possess us. If our Theological Schools fail to meet this manifest want of the Church,—the very thing for which they were established,—then the Colleges and Conference Seminaries ought at once to organize this class of their pupils for the best possible training for their work.

While we hold that all possible education is a duty, for all who enter the ministry, we also hold, that neither God, nor His Church, calls only profound and finical scholars, or those to whom such scholarship is possible. Such are not the most useful at all times and in all places. Hence God calls other and different men, who by proper efforts and help, become extensively useful and popular.

Now, while God and the Church are undoubtedly calling such divers classes to preach, let us ask the patrons and managers of all our schools and educational societies, if we are not manifestly fighting against the Church and Providence, while we are restricting almost wholly our efforts to assist one, and that a small class of the called of God? What business have we to make this discrimination which God has not made?

If reconstruction is not had in behalf of the class for whom we plead, the signs of the times warn us, that even in New England, we are to have a still greater and greater dearth of successful ministers, while we are sacrificing so many choice jewels, for the want of a little timely encouragement and assistance.

ISLE OF SHOALS, July 28, 1869.

SAM LAWSON OUTDONE.—Mrs. Stowe's Yankee "loafer" is surpassed by this true story of Grace Greenwood's in *The Independent* :—

One of the most marked personages of old Windham County was a certain Revolutionary pensioner, by the name of Lincoln—surnamed Jonas, I believe. Living in an adjoining town, he was yet well-known in Lebanon, where he frequently visited. Indeed, he was one whom the war had so unsettled that he was never at rest except when tramping around and "stirring about." He was a harmless, good-natured, cider-drinking, story-telling old fellow, whom everybody was glad to see, bore with, chatted with, laughed at, and pitied, for he was alone in the world; a sad condition, which he however took very philosophically, consoling himself by sagely commenting on all the ills which married men and heads of families are heir to.

Though usually idle and vagabondish in his habits, he was a man of wonderful energy and perseverance when once his spirit was up. On one occasion, when he had extended a ramble to the vicinity of Hartford, he found himself at the ferry opposite the city, without a shilling in his pocket. He proposed to the ferryman to allow him a free passage, promising to pay on his next visit. But the Yankee Charon refused, with a churlish "No, mister, I don't take you nor no other old tramp for nothin'! So deown with your rhino, or clear out!" "Waal, then," exclaimed the old soldier, "you go to thunder with your old skeow! I won't be beholden to you, or anybody of your sort; for I'll jest go round yer darned old river—see if I don't!"

The ferryman laughed at what he took for an idle threat; but some weeks later, he was accosted at the city-landing by the same red-checked, roughly-clad old soldier, who triumphantly exclaimed, "Waal, I have been round yer old river; and here I am, in spite of you, old skinkint." It proved that he had actually performed the exploit of following the Connecticut River to its head—of going round it, in fact—with no other incentive than the desire to show himself independent of the ferryman.

On another occasion, he applied for the loan of a scythe, at the house of a neighbor, who was a bridge-builder. "I'm raly sorry, Mr. Lincoln," said the wife of the mechanic, "that I can't accommodate ye; but my husband ain't to hum, ye see, and he says to me, jest before he went away: 'Betsy, says he, 'don't you lend nothin' of mine, to nobody, not on no account, while I am gone.' So, Mr. Lincoln, ye see I can't let that scythe go, even to yeou."

"Why, whereabouts is your husband, marm?" "O, he's way deown in Pennsylvania, buildin' a bridge."

"Waal, I guess, if I go deown to where he's at work, and get his consent, ye'll lend me that scythe?" "Sartin, Mr. Lincoln. But, man alive, what on airth du ye mean? I tell ye he's way deown in Pennsylvania."

The old soldier laughed in his droll, knowing way; then questioned her as to the exact locality of her husband's bridge-building operations, and took his leave.

That very afternoon he departed on one of his "grand towers," with only a change of linen, tied in a blue-checked handkerchief, swinging from a stick over his shoulder, and whistling cheerily as he left the dull old town behind him.

About ten days or a fortnight later he appeared before the astonished mechanic, exclaiming: "Hullo! Billins, will yeou lend me yer scythe for a spell? That are wife of yours won't let it go without yeou say so. Got her pretty well under your thumb, hain't ye? Or, mebbe she's afeard to cut friendship 'tween her and me by lendin' an edged tool."

Ten days later Mistress Billings was astonished to see her eccentric neighbor appear, all dusty and travel-worn, at her door, and to hear him say, quietly: "Yes, ma'am, your man says I may take that are scythe; and it's high time that leetle medder of mine was mowed."

THE MEASURE OF LIFE.—By this hour we should measure the worth of all things. What are all these things, now, that are passed? How base! How useless! What best may one do? Upon this floor shall stand his memorial. He that lives not for himself, but shall associate him-

self for the welfare of mankind, and especially of that community in which he dwells, the work that he leaves behind him shall be his memorial. For no man is great enough to be remembered in his selfishness, and for it. You are strong, the blood beats healthfully in your veins, but in a short time you too shall be encoffined; and you shall be followed by those that have to speak your history. Could we, if you were called to-day, speak well of you? Have you earned a right to be spoken of in this solemn hour, in this truthful hour to be spoken of gratefully, and have your name handed down to others? Are you lifted above the world, while in it, Christianly, purely, nobly? Are you living in the fear of God, and in the hope of immortality? For, surely it is not an unmeaning service over the dead that you pay. You come here to take on the vows of a higher title. You come here to regard the urgency, the importance of life. You come here once more to rebuke your passions, once more to follow truth, as it is in Jesus Christ, to take account of pride and selfishness, once more to take upon you, perhaps, vows of fidelity to God, and fidelity to man. Blessed are they who, when they have passed away, need not the circumstance of adventitious circumstance or place. Blessed are they whose mourners are those that are the recipients of the kindness, or that hath made their memory dear to hearts which they have enriched.

And now, to-morrow, and next week, his name will be familiar, and many of us will cherish it so long as we live. But this great, thundering city is like an ocean; and as, when one falling overboard gives one outcry, and the flying spray for a moment disturbs the sea, and then is whelmed, and all the roughness is smoothed down, and the ocean is no fuller than before, and the great water rolls over him, so the great multitude will forget him and pass on. You that are so important to-day may be insignificant to-morrow. You who are taking hold of the very spindles of life to-day, will drop them from your fingers, and the great waves will roll over your head. O, that God may grant to us all such a sense of our weakness and responsibility that we may so improve life that when we lay it down we may take it up again, beyond the grave, and begin a noble manhood, where death comes no more, and where there is immortality and blessedness.—MR. BEECHER, at the Funeral of Mr. Raymond.

THE DRAUGHT OF REMORSE.

Fill up! fill up!
The poison cup
With Lethe to the brim;
I yearn—I pine—I faint—I thirst
To see the brilliant bubbles burst
Around its rosy rim;
Then let me drain
The bowl again,
And fill it up once more;
For fearful phantoms haunt my brain,
And at the open door
A ghostly group of fiends appear—
Their hollow laughter racks my ear;
See! how malignantly they leer
Upon the wreck they've made;
They little care that honor, wealth,
And home and happiness and health
Are blighted and betrayed!

Fill up! fill up!
The sparkling cup;
It is with Lethe fraught!
It drowns reflection, palsies thought,
Binds Memory in chains,
And bids the hot blood leap and dart
Like molten lava from my heart
To fire the sluggish veins.

Fill to the brim, and I will drink,
"To Memory and Thought,
ETERNAL DEATH!" For oh, to think,
Is with such horror fraught,
That hell would be
A heaven to me
Were Memory no more!

Aye! could I never think again,
Never the past deplore,
I should no longer here remain;
For hell can have no penal pain,
In all its fair domain,
So fearful unto me,
As the scorpion-sting
Of that terrible thing
Which we call Memory!

To dream of all that I am now,
Of all I might have been;
The crown of thorns upon my brow,
The gnawing worm within;
Of all the treasures I have lost,
Like leaves autumnal, tempest tost;
Of sunbeams into clouds withdrawn,
Their momentary sparkle gone;
Of murdered hope and blighted bloom—
O God, how horrible my doom!

Yet fill, fill up
The crimson cup
With perjury to the brim!
I wildly burn, I madly thirst
To see the blushing bubbles burst
Around its ruby rim! T. H. HILL.

THE BENEFITS OF THE JUBILEE.—One feature in the choral execution I may note with pleasure. There were some beautiful pianissimos—achievement that has seemed almost impossible in smaller halls, where everything above a whisper will sound loud; perhaps in this great space it was as easy as thinking. And generally, I find that I was oftener impressed, in the choruses, by effects of beauty than by effects of power and grandeur. I have instance "He watching over Israel." The gentle, equable diffusion of softly swelling harmony over so multitudinous a choir, gives

a sense of unspeakable beauty, fullness, all-pervading sweetness, that creeps over you like the infinite calm of all-surrounding ocean.

Whether the Festival, considered musically, were very good or not, it musically did good. At any rate to all those singers and performers. It was a great experience for them. It has given them a new impulse, a new consciousness of strength, a new taste of the joy of unity of effort, a new love of coöperation, and a deeper sense of the divine significance and power of music than they ever had. It has caused hundreds of choral societies to spring into existence for the time being, many of which will certainly prove permanent; and their first bond of union has been the practice of good music, of master-works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, which, having tasted once in such deep draughts, they will not readily abandon for weak trash. Education must come out of it. It has planted well and widely for the future.

Was it not good to be there, too, as listener, as looker-on, as sympathetic part and parcel of it? Who would willingly have been left out of such a grand occasion? The greatest assemblage of human beings under one roof ever known! A scene so overwhelming, so sublime, so beautiful from every point of view! An almost boundless sea of live humanity; and all so cheerful, all so happy, full of kindness, rejoicing in the sense of country and brotherhood! Tens on tens of thousands, yet such admirable order! Could any object, any influence but music, hold such countless, restless atoms in such order?

Finally, in a still wider way it has done good. It has given to tens of thousands of all classes (save, unfortunately, the poorest), who were there to hear, and, through them, to thousands more, to whole communities, a new belief in music; a new conviction of its social worth; above all, of its importance as a pervading educational and fusing element in our democratic life; a heavenly influence which shall go far to correct the crudities, tone down, subdue, and harmonize the loud, self-asserting individualities, relieve the glaring and forth-putting egotism of our too boisterous and boastful nationality. Thousands now have faith in music, who never did have much before; thousands for the first time respect it as a high and holy influence, who very likely looked upon it as at the best an innocent, if not a dissipating, idle pleasure. Public opinion, henceforth, will count it among the essentials of that "liberal education," which is the birthright of a free American, and no longer as a superfluous refinement of an over-delicate and fashionable few. We shall no longer have to plead against such odds, to claim that Music have her permanent, her honored seat among the "humanities" of learning and of general culture. We begin to see how music is to teach a people manners, mutual deference, and, without outward, cold authority, without appeal to fear, but freely and divinely from within, inspire the instinct of respect, of fond and childlike reverence for something still above us, be we where we may—and this is real self-respect. So far as the Jubilee has wrought this conversion among unbelieving or indifferent thousands, it has done incalculable good; and if, for this alone, we cannot be too grateful to the men who (whatever our mistrust of motives and of methods once) have given us a great experience.—JOHN S. DWIGHT.

JESUS ONLY.

The Light of Heaven is the Face of Jesus.
The Joy of Heaven is the Presence of Jesus.
The Melody of Heaven is the Name of Jesus.
The Harmony of Heaven is the Praise of Jesus.
The Theme of Heaven is the Work of Jesus.
The employment of Heaven is the Service of Jesus.
The Fullness of Heaven is Jesus Himself.

FELLOWSHIP IN THE LIGHT.

God is light. If we are to have anything to do with God, it must be in the bright shining of His own immediate presence; there sin cannot appear. An eternity of praise for the Blood which, "cleanseth us from all sin!"

CHRISTIAN AMBITION.

"I feel there are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardor: personal holiness, and the honor of Christ in the salvation of souls."—MCCHETNEY.

GOD HONORING FAITH.

"Great faith loves difficulties; because, 'things that are impossible with men, are possible with God.'"—C. H. SPURGEON.

DOCTRINE.

"Whatever you hold, have God's Word for it."

FAITH—AND WHAT IT DOES.

"There are three things which faith does, namely:—

It purifies the heart. Acts xv. 9.
It works by love. Gal. v. 6.
It overcomes the world. 1 John v. 4.
It acts on the fountain-head of all my feelings and affections. It exerts its hallowed influence upon all my relationships and associations. And finally, it renders me victorious over the circumstances and influences which surround me."

CHRIST ALL SUFFICIENT.

"I try to lay up all good things in Christ, and then a little of the creature goes a great way with me."—RUTH-ERFORD.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

"The moment I consider Christ and myself as two, I am gone," said Luther. And I say so too. I am gone into self and into Antichrist; for that which will be something, will not let Christ be all; and that which will not let Christ be all, must certainly be Antichrist."—JOHN FLETCHER.—*Selections in the Times of Refreshing.*

For the Children.

HOW HAPPY I'LL BE.

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
She twined the bud in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair.
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When ten years more have gone over me,
And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with soft perfume;
Vases were near of antique mould,
Beautiful pictures, rare and old,
And she of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.
"Ah me!" sighed she, "how happy I'll be,
When my heart's true love comes home to me;
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over the cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest;
"Sleep well," she murmured, soft and low,
As she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"O child, sweet child! how happy I'll be,
If the good God let thee stay with me,
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower!"

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun,
"Ah me!" she sighed, in an under-tone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey, from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its vision fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

CAMP-MEETING.

BY MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

It was a great day for us children, when it was known that Uncle Boyd and wife were to attend the camp-meeting to be holden in Gorham the next week. Uncle Boyd lived on a big farm on the hill, and it was there that we used to go for all manner of plays and an unlimited quantity. For you must know that there was a large family of children, and, though Uncle Asa Boyd set his face resolutely against all labor-saving machines, the children were fruitful in their expedients for doing the greatest amount of play in a short time. Nor were they particular in their selection of materials, so that on the whole, we did mischief as well as play.

"Now, children, you may as well go home, all who do not belong here," Uncle Asa would say when fairly out of patience. Away we would scamper; but before we got to the gate, he would call us back. "Here, you might as well go to your Aunt Nabby and get a doughnut, or something; you must be hungry doing so much mischief in one forenoon."

Once in the house, we were regaled with all manner of good things, and were permitted to talk and laugh. "I'm hungry as a bear," says Sammy, "so many chores to do this morning, didn't eat any breakfast."

"What chores did you do?" said gentle Mary, who was stoning raisins by the window.

"Why, I dressed me, and said my prayers, and fired an arrow at the old gobbler for strutting."

"O, Sammy," said Aunt Nabby, "do you call your prayers chores?"

"Why not," argued Sammy, "you said work was a duty, and prayer was duty. Jenny Small says that his father prays so long that he and Benny have put their prayers into their father's, and don't say any."

I thought of Sammy's waggery when, years after, he stood before a convention of Sabbath-school children and told them such interesting stories. Jenny Small, too, must have resumed praying for himself, else he never would have become a member of Conference.

"Mother, what are you going to camp-meeting for?" asked Sammy, who, whatever else he was doing, was sure to talk.

"Well, I am in hopes to get some good," replied Aunt Nabby, in a subdued, timid manner, feeling that even the child saw the folly of her going to such a place. But Sammy only looked at the raisins, and sugar, and other materials that were going to the making of a big cake, and thought he would like to go to camp-meeting and get some good too.

Uncle Asa was one of those earnest, effective men, who, whatever he undertook, carried it right forward to completion. He understood his business and himself, and would do nothing that he did not understand. Hence his aversion to all innovations, or even improvements. His religion was the same earnest thing that his farming was, and was not left behind even in the busiest season. It would do you good to see him marshal the family for morning prayers; not a single one was allowed to shirk that duty; then in a loud, authoritative voice he read a

chapter, sang a hymn, all joining, whether they had voices or not, and all knelt for prayer. It was a short exercise. No one need to omit his own private devotions on account of the long time spent in family devotions. Uncle Asa prayed loud, earnest, and right to the point. I used to think his prayers went right up and brought the blessing down long before anybody could know what brother Small was talking about. Uncle Asa loved to pray, and sing, and exhort, as he loved to work, or to eat, and he never found a prayer-meeting quite long enough to get through. No wonder that the thought of a whole week spent in religious exercises was delightful.

But with Aunt Nabby it was different. She was brought up in a different school, and her faith was of a weak, sickly growth. She was always under condemnation for some faults or sins that no one else ever saw. She fully believed it was wrong for her to laugh and play with the children, and it was presumption for her to profess religion while she did such things. She wondered every time she heard Asa give out one of his hearty haw-haws, if God was not displeased with it. In other respects, Aunt Nabby was a helpmeet for her husband. If ever a couple jogged on in even harness, it was Uncle Boyd and wife. All this the new minister saw, and it was he who urged them to attend the camp-meeting. "You want a change, sister Boyd; you spend too much time in this hot kitchen; a week in the grove will revive you wonderfully."

"Just what I tell her," chimed in the husband; "too much heat, and steam, and children's clamor; and here she has been talking of sending me off without her."

"I don't know what I am going for," replied Aunt Nabby.

"I think you will find out, Mrs. Boyd," respectfully insinuated the pastor; and the good woman made up her mind that she would try it.

I have not time to tell you of that first camp-meeting in Gorham. Some there are who remember it, but the readers of our HERALD know what camp-meetings are. Uncle Boyd and wife came home quite changed. Sammy said they had "swopped off," and so it seemed. Uncle Asa had made so much noise during the meeting that he was glad to be still, while dear Aunt Nabby talked and laughed, and cried all the time.

Once away from the cares and labors which were weighing down her spirit, she had forgotten her poor self or thrown it into the tide of Christian sympathy, and Faith had taken root; and no longer a poor, withered bud, it had flowered out. Hope, too, had plumed its wings for an upper flight, while Joy, another fruit of the Spirit, filled and pervaded her entire being. Aunt Nabby never had a relapse of her old faithlessness; and when, a year after, Uncle Boyd followed her to her last resting place, he thanked God for her inward baptism at the camp-meeting.

Christian brother and sister, on whom the cares and labors of life fall heavily, you can find much of rest for both body and mind, by spending a week with those who go up to the wilderness to worship. How sweet falleth the voice of prayer and praise on ears made weary by the din and strife of earth. Doubly precious is the still, small voice that comes with every breeze that shakes the trembling foliage, whispering of the God we worship. Surely the soul needeth helps in its Christian course, and the Church should avail itself of all means to strengthen the weak things that are ready to die, none of which are more effectual than the camp-meeting.

ENIGMA No. 25.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 63, 13, 52, 37, 64, 10 was the place where Christ was born.

My 47, 22, 10, 13, 11, 47, 63 was a man of great faith.

My 11, 17, 19, 60, 25 was a king jealous of Christ.

My 39, 13, 33, 35, 25 slew a giant.

My 49, 47, 9, 23 tried to kill the lad that slew the giant.

My 23, 9, 6, 11, 29, 19 was a great reformer.

My 49, 20, 30, 8, 53, 38, 36 was a very wise man.

My 26, 13, 48, 34 is the name of a college.

My whole can be found in St. John.

NEW YORK.

M. W. T. Jr.

ANSWER to ENIGMA No. 24.

"Winter."

CORRECTION. — The answer to Enigma, No. 22, July 29, is found in Ecclesiastes, not in Proverbs.

A BENGAL VILLAGE SCHOOL. — Entering the village, we stop at a small house, whence issues a monotonous chorus of childish voices. It is the village academy, a private institution, presided over by a venerable moonshah, who, to judge from his appearance and that of his surroundings, lays claim to no great erudition or high position among the learned of the earth. In matters temporal he seems to be on a level with his juvenile scholars, some twenty half-naked brats, of from four to eight years old, who, seated in a semi-circle round him, are taking their first and apparently most nauseous sip of the Pierian spring. The schoolmaster rises and greets his patron with a grateful smile and a respectful obeisance. "Well, and how are your scholars getting on?" asks the magistrate. "As well as they can, poor little fellows," replies the dominie, turning with a pleasant smile to his class of little urchins, whose chubby faces immediately reflect their master's good humor. "Will you let them re-

peat the alphabet, moonshah? My friend here wishes to hear them." The schoolmaster turns to his scholars, elongates his face, and, opening his mouth until all his other features seem to disappear in the capacious cavity, eliminates therefrom a loud "ar," a cry which his young pupils take up with equal gusto, if not with equal impressiveness. So they go through the whole alphabet, chanting in chorus every letter. This method of attaining a knowledge of the elements of learning has been handed down to the present time from the earliest ages of the country. But the course of instruction pursued at the Government school — which, as its name implies, is under the patronage and protection of the Indian Viceroyalty — soars higher. The branches of education taught, or attempted to be taught, are those in common use throughout the academies of England, divinity excepted; but an English child ten years old will show a more appreciative understanding of every subject than any of the students at our Government academy. These latter, will indeed, if required, write you out from memory a problem of Euclid, or translate you a portion of Delectus; but the former production will be a mere hotch-potch of mathematical terms, unconnected by any shade of reasoning, and the latter will be a mass of nonsense, bearing no likeness whatever to the original. — *All the Year Round*.

AN INCIDENT ON THE FOURTH. — Among the number of persons thrown into the water at Nahant, was one of the Soldier's Messenger Corps who was wearing for the first time, a new wooden arm. He was keeping his head above water very well, when a boat came to his rescue and a man seized his arm. "Let go that arm," said the Messenger. "Don't you want to be saved?" "Yes," interrupted the man, "but you'll pull that arm off if you ain't careful." The strong arm was extended and the soldier was pulled into the boat and explained the difficulty of his situation. — *Boston Journal*.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

HOW TO KEEP POOR. — There is no man but who would rejoice to have a way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at ten cents, seventy-three dollars; three cigars, one after each meal, one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents; board for a big dog, thirty dollars — all in one year, two hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents — sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes. — *The Evangelist*.

They retire officers in the United States Army for "chronic alcoholism;" though the increasing number of candidates for this treatment indicates that it is more than "chronic." "Epidemic alcoholism" would be better. In the walks of civil life the ravages of the disease are equally fatal; but, unhappily, we have no facilities for "retiring" the invalids.

A GOOD SHOT. — A story is told of a Prussian lieutenant who went into a church, in Hanover, which is celebrated for several relics of ancient times. The attendant showed them to him. Among them, was a silver mouse of which he related the following tradition. Once upon a time, the town was infested by mice. A pious inhabitant presented this silver effigy of the pest to the church, whereupon the mice disappeared. The lieutenant laughed at the story, and said that such superstition was well out of date now-a-days; to which the attendant replied that that was indeed true, otherwise some one would long ago have presented to the church a silver lieutenant. — *The Living Age*.

The Pacha rested by the fountain, the flowing waters of which made an oasis in the desert. His horse and his camel ropped with delight the green herbage near the fountain. Their shadows lay strongly and darkly upon the grass.

"How beautiful," said the horse, "is that dark form which moves as I move; what grace, what symmetry it shows! I can hardly eat for looking at it."

"It is well enough," said the camel, "but look at this one which moves with me. It has all the symmetry and the grace of the other; and then too it has that pretty little hump on its back."

A Dervish passing by, who knew the language of all beasts, exclaimed, "How good is Allah, who gives to every creature its due share of vanity, so that defects seem to their owner especial beauties and merits!" — *REALMAH*.

"I would have gone and followed Him everywhere at a distance, and have sat mourning under his cross; but you see he has gone away now, and I can't get to Him: nor get any pardon. I must take my punishment; perhaps it won't be so bad as we've heard it will be. I think I can hardly suffer more than I have done on earth these last two years."

The distressed person was told, "When any dreadful thoughts about the past come, think of Christ's blood cleansing from all sin, and pray about it to that Heavenly Father who tells us that He is all Love. Where most need and desire for that cleansing blood are shown in the heart, there He loves to pour it most. In the way of sin the steps were easy and pleasant, though they only lead to wretchedness of soul. In the way of life, it is only the steps themselves that are rough and difficult, but they lead to certain peace of mind."

A Palmer clergyman recently read about the inspiration of the apostles when they were charged with being filled with wine at the third hour (9 o'clock in the morning), and the great astonishment of the people thereat. He remarked that the apostles didn't live in Palmer, for if they did, nobody would have been astonished.

Correspondence.

A STUDENT'S LETTER FROM ABOARD.

(Correspondence.)

Five Days in Scotland — Over the Scene of Tam O'Shanter — Desecration of Burns's Monument — Disregard for the Wishes of the People in this Country — A Nobleman's Dog and Lord Nelson's Monument.

EDINBURGH.

I know of no more delightful or pleasure-yielding tour than that which takes us over those scenes indissolubly connected with the memory of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. A trip of five days has enabled us to visit the principal objects rendered illustrious by the simple yet eloquent poetry of the one, and the truly wonderful genius of the other. Arriving at Glasgow early on Saturday morning, we were allowed that day for a hurried examination of this rapidly increasing city. I was much surprised when informed of its magnitude. Its population is second only to that of London, being at present nearly a half million souls. We had no disposition to tarry here, however, and evening saw us on our way to the "land of Burns." Ayr, the place of the poet's nativity, is situated on a river by the same name, and is one of the most unique towns which it has been my lot to visit. We arrived just after sunset. Everybody was in the streets. Men, women and children seemed to be moving about without any fixed purpose, for whence they came or whither they went, was more than we were able to discover. No carriages were to be seen. Not a wheel was heard. Not a voice, except now and then, that of a street preacher — one of several who were the respective centres of as many listening and respectful audiences. The twilight is prolonged and delightful. An old soldier stands upon a corner near by, and wakes the echoes with the bugle. The notes ring out upon the air, while a girl, supposed to be his daughter, solicits contributions from the bystanders. The streets are full of beggars, blind men, men with one leg, men without any. It is ten o'clock, and still light. There is no need of street lamps. I begin to suspect that we have entered that mystic latitude where the inhabitants are blessed with six months of continuous twilight. One arises from a perusal of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" with something of that feeling which moves him at retiring after his first visit to the scene of Tam O'Shanter: —

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

So, then, there were witches here? And why not? I could believe it with all my heart. Right across the way stands the original Tam O'Shanter Inn, the scene of all Tam's dissipation and carousal. Here he sat on every market day, "and at his elbow Souter Johnny." Two miles down the road we pass "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." The roof is now fallen in. Nothing but the walls remain, and these are moss-grown and covered with ivy. In the centre is a commemoration which we are able to see through the grated door. It is said to be that of Souter Johnny. Through the window of this church Tam is supposed to have seen "an unco sight, warlocks and witches in a dance," while the Devil sits in one corner and draws the music from a bag-pipe. The scanty covering of one of the witches makes Tam so far forget himself as to cry out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark." The remaining part of this poem is, perhaps, the most graphic of anything which Burns ever wrote. I could scarcely consent to walk the short distance which intervenes between this and the "Brig of Doon." It was difficult to persuade one's self that there was no necessity for haste, and a hurried glance, now and then, over the shoulder was needed to assure me that I was not pursued. We breathe freely at last when standing upon the keystone of the bridge. Here the pursuit ended. Beyond this the witches had not cared to come, for it has long been a well-known fact here in Scotland, that neither they, nor any other evil spirits, have any power to follow a poor wight beyond the middle of the next running stream. The Doon is indeed a bonnie river. It is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. Nearly opposite the old kirk of Alloway stands the monument of Burns, a fine structure, and inaugurated with great pomp, but now almost entirely hid from our view. It is surrounded by a high wall, and shut out from the city by the erection of a new parish church. Formerly there was a fine view to be had of it as you approached from Ayr. This last outrage is due to the caprice of one man. Affairs are conducted altogether differently here from what they are in the United States. The whole town cried out against the erection of a church right in front of the monument. The common people cherish the memory of Burns with a simple affection, which is indeed his grandest epitaph, but their wishes were of no more account than those of the Ayrshire cattle, which feed upon the plains about the city. The members of the parish church lifted up their voices in protestation. But why should they be heard? Has not one man the authority in all such matters? Are they ever consulted in the choice of a pastor? Why, then, interfere in a case like this? Let their voices be heard only in the services of the church. A Presbyter has been provided by the gentleman who owns nearly all the land in the neighborhood, and who possesses the right to nominate their pastor and let them join him in the Psalms. What was, perhaps, caprice, at first, becomes dogged obstinacy from opposition, and the wishes of a whole community are successfully ignored. The people do not seem to feel it so acutely as we should naturally expect. They accept the result as a matter of course. Something is due, perhaps, to the character of the institutions under which they have grown up. Every American, however, who is drawn to Ayr by a

love of Scotia's sweetest poet, must be thoroughly incensed by this violation of the beautiful, the decent, and the memory of the dead. We catch here a glimpse of the spirit which animates the institutions of this, and all other monarchical forms of government. The people are ignored. A privileged few control the land, the church, and the state. Liveries and uniforms are seen everywhere, and are continually admonishing you of the impassable barrier which exists between the upper classes and the poor. Every village contains a squad of soldiers, bayonets everywhere. What an incubus upon the industry of a country must these standing armies be! Every laboring man is obliged to earn bread for two — himself and a soldier. In the United States all this money goes for the support of free schools. After this I shall never complain of a school-tax. On Calton Hill, in the city of Edinburgh, I noticed a circumstance similar to the one which has been alluded to at Ayr. This bold eminence rises in the heart of the city, and is much frequented by people of all classes. Near the summit stands a noble monument, erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, and upon the left a fine statue of Dugald Stewart. Between the two, our guide pointed out a small tomb in the side hill, which contains the mortal remains of of somebody's dog. It seems that a lord, to whom the government had formerly delegated the control of this public resort, suffered the loss above referred to, and availed himself of his official authority to deposit his defunct canine at the foot of Lord Nelson's monument. The people who daily pass and repass must be highly edified by the sight, and he who is of a contemplative turn of mind may busy himself with calculating how much of bravery, exercised in the defense of his country, how many restless years, devoted to the pursuit of science, what an amount of self-sacrifice and unflagging labor in the field of philanthropy it would require to secure for himself a like position at the feet of Dugald Stewart.

Nor will it tend to soften his reflections, if he remembers that in some parts of his country the poor are denied the solace of a separate sepulture, but are buried in trenches like the dogs. How one must hate such a state of affairs. "I never could believe," said Count Rambold upon the scaffold, "I never could believe, that a small part of mankind have been sent into the world all booted and spurred, and the rest all saddled and bridled, to be ridden."

One's love for America waxes stronger and stronger, the more we see of other countries, until at last it reaches a fever heat. Thank God for having provided such a refuge from the tyranny of the Old World. I never was a true citizen of the United States until now. It was my fortune to serve in the Union army during a part of our last war, but how unworthy seems the motive which led me to enlist, and how tame the spirit which impelled me. Without laying claim to anything more than a very ordinary amount of patriotism, I believe that if that war was in progress to day, I should hasten back to risk my life, and all that I have, in attempting with others to preserve the only government on the face of the earth which secures to every man the respect due to his individual worth. What a fearful ordeal was that through which our country has just passed; and who can fail to see the hand of God in the result? A cheap excursion to these shores during our last war, would have been the best recruiting expedient that could have been devised. In another such event, let the Secretary of War send over a large part of the population, and if one half of the able-bodied men do not hasten back before their time is out, to engage in the defense of their country, without bounty and without pay, then shall I lose my faith in all that is grand and good in human nature.

Our Book Table.

LITERARY.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. A Biography, by John Forster. Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Rare is the literary life that covers nearly a century. Had one visited Florence about five years ago, he might have seen an old man "with the amplitude of a capital beard, white and curly," his eye full of fire, his form trembling, yet resolute. This man, "born in the year when the English colonies in America had rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France and the astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth and Byron, of Shelley, Scott and Southey; living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last, were published; to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French Monarchy, and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American Republic," was the pupil of a man who had seen Pope, and was intimate with another who had dined with Fielding and Warburton, and who himself knew an old woman at Knowle who was one hundred and two years old when he was four and a half, so that, as he said, "it is in the range of possibility that she might have seen people who had seen not only Milton, but Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser and Raleigh."

The mere fact of such a life seems noticeable, though it is only two venerable centenarians' lives joined together. This man was more than the old woman at Knowle, a mere century out; he was the most incisive, scholarly and original writer of England, half a century ago. Walter Savage Landor was born on the chief street of Warwick, of wealthy parents, ten miles from Stratford, — Shakespeare's birth-place. So he had bathed when a boy in the same Avon in which Will Shakespeare had played, a stream that with this history can proudly say —

"Men may come and may go,
But I go on forever."

He was a prodigy of willfulness and smartness from the start; the best Latin verses at Rugby were his, yet he would never write them for prizes or under dictation. He was expelled from Rugby and

Oxford for disregard of authority and for Red Republicanism. He was a bold defier of king and nobility, and as good a hater as Sam Johnson. His first poems were published at twenty, and his last at ninety. They began with tenderness. Some of his best lines are in "Gebir" and other poems, written before he was twenty-five. Strong lines are these: —

"With horrid chorus, Pain, Disease, Death,
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
And ring their sounding emptiness through earth."

"I deem it first of human miseries
To be a tyrant, then to suffer one."

"Power o'er slaves was freedom, and was right,
And man degraded could but man degrade."

This is fine description of landing of warriors: —

"We dash from every pinnacle and present
A ridge of arms above a ridge of waves."

These are also happy verses: —

"Those who living filled the smallest space,
In death have often left the greatest void."

"The good depart, and silent are the good."

But Landor never achieved fame till he turned forty-five, and had turned from verse to prose. He despised and defied the public when a youth, and proudly said, "If there are ten men of taste and genius who will applaud my poem I declare myself fully content. I will call for a division. I shall count a majority." Yet he, like Browning, wanted a bigger public. When he struck the "Imaginary Conversations," he knew he had won that public. They were refused by four publishers, and in his rage he spoke of them and him as dead, saying, "I may speak of myself as a dead man. I will say, then, that these Conversations contain as forcible writing as exists on earth. I defy criticism, conscious as I am that in two thousand years there have not been five volumes of prose equal in their contents to this." At last, after great labor on the part of one friend, Mr. Taylor undertook their publication, but would only issue an edition of seven hundred and fifty copies. They were instantly famous. After twenty-five years of struggling he achieved fame. They are still the best prose critical dialogues in our language. "Noctes Ambrosianae" are more dramatic and jovial, but not so sharp and powerful. Every subject is brought within their range, and each disputant catches accurately and instinctively at the best words. He knew henceforth where his strength lay, and though he dabbled much in poetry, stuck closer to these Conversations, writing over a hundred and thirty, and continuing them down to the last year of his life.

This ample biography of six hundred and fifty pages, is full of interest. It could have been reduced by leaving out minor discussions yet these are interesting. The unhappy old man, who always squared off at existence, plucky, violent, strong, without religion and without a balance of any sort, is one of the most painful spectacles in literature. A great Democrat, but a greater Aristocrat, who could say of all men but those of Greece and Italy, "Men in other countries are less interesting than beavers; whole generations are not worth so many barrels of figs," and at the same time could write and almost fight for republicanism everywhere, the law of the British Jacobins, his life is one of the saddest and strongest proofs of Solomon's epiphany: — "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity."

EDUCATIONAL.

RHETORIC. A Text-book, designed for use in schools and colleges and for private study, by Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D. *I mago animi sermo est.* Harpers.

Many attempts, to put Rhetoric into a popular shape have been attempted. This is the first that may be called a marked success. Unlike most treatises which begin with abstract definitions and only continue with the same, which give hardly a hint how to write or speak correctly, this seeks to make its pupil a writer and speaker. It applies common sense to the science of letters. It asks, "What is the object of Rhetoric but the expression of thought and feeling in words. What are the modes this expression takes?" Hence a discourse on words legitimately begins the book. Then comes the laws of expression; what faults are to be avoided, diffuseness, repetition, obscurity, lowness, swollen language; what figures are to be employed and how, the laws of composition, of style, how to prepare a sermon, or an oration, poetry, humor, wit, and other qualities and forms of speech, with an analysis of Webster's and Haynes' debate, and abundance of fresh and apt quotations. It is very generally commended, and will prove a popular text-book. Other students who have not been read up in this department, will find this a useful handbook.

JUVENILES.

MOLLY'S BIBLE, Lothrop & Co., talks at some length about a man at sea who lost his wife before marriage, and whose Bible was almost the only thing saved, and how much good this Bible effected in his heart, and those who were led by him to Christ. It is a religious story and will do good.

UNCLE JOHN'S FLOWER GATHERERS, (M. W. Dodd,) puts Botany into dialogue. It is a good, scientific treatise in an interesting shape.

PHILIP BRANTLEY'S LIFE WORK (M. W. Dodd,) takes a boy through College and into his ministerial and married life. It is worth the reading of every lad, and will be a good book on a college student's table.

EASTMAN'S WHITE MOUNTAIN GUIDE, (Concord, S. C. Eastman,) keeps its place at the head of the White Mountain Guide books. It is thoroughly made up, with maps, extracts from travellers, and full descriptions of all the points of admiration. Take it with you to the New England Switzerland which has some views as grand as any in the Alps when the snow peaks are not visible.

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THE SOUTHERN UNION.

What advantages then are there in this union? The removal of bars between bodies of the same name, and general usage, and faith. This is desirable, but if a barrier of heart remains, the formal union would be worse than the previous separation. An unhappy marriage is worse than no marriage. The Southern Church has no love for us. It follows one Davidic experience. It hates us with a perfect hatred. It counts us its enemy. It has been separated from us

Only by preserving our separate existence, and working energetically in all the South, will we compel

Meantime, also, let the commission be organized, and let the bishops informally, or at the suggestion of the commission, make like announcement to all other Methodist churches, while they formally arrange a union with that one which has agreed to unite with us. So doing, the whole movement will advance solid and safe to its ultimate and righteous success.

TAKE HEED!

The great moral these sad lessons teach, is, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." There was no ground why these chiefs in the Church should become castaways, except such as is common to all men. They lived in a world full of opportunities for sin, full of temptations to sin; they felt the desire for money, and perhaps placed themselves in situation where they felt its need. They grew covetous, coveting even liberality. They wished to give freely, and needed means for such generosity. They hoped the appropriation would be temporary, and dreamed that in some way it would be repaid. They even confided in this hope, in some cases to such a degree that they left vouchers for their drafts in the possession of the parties whose money they used. The steps of this downfall were thus made almost imperceptible. So are they of every downfall. Take heed to thy bosom sin; to that longing eye; to that brooding, pining, hankering after wealth. Had not Absalom pined constantly, he had not committed incest and murder. The longing to be rich is the beginning of robbery. It undermines the soul, and lets it down gradually to the pit of destruction, into which it suddenly, irrecoverably plunges. Take heed. Keep your indulgences within bounds. Keep your desires within bounds also. If riches increase, set not your heart upon them. Take joyfully, poverty. Grow rich toward God. Count over your real wealth: your health, your friends, your family, your faith. Rejoice in these abundant riches. Repeat "Cleon," occasionally; Agar's petition, often; and the Lord's prayer, "Lead me not into temptation," constantly. Take heed. A step, and you fall, so far as this world goes, forever; perhaps so far as the next; for a soul thus cast down does not easily rise again. It is more apt to descend. Take heed. Trust not your faith, or your previous integrity, your years and height of reputation. Beware of the first step. Oppose the slightest appearance and suggestion of evil. You are in jeopardy every hour. Beware of covetousness. The Church is wounded in your fall. True, your

failures are not hers, but your own; but she cannot escape their influence. True, the defaulters, forgers, robbers, and worse criminals, are a thousand, yes, ten thousand to one of the world to those of the Church. Yet that one does more harm than all the thousands that have not professed Christ. How this ministerial fall crucifies Him afresh! How this embezzlement of a leading member of the Church thrusts the spear into His side! Pray and watch, that you may be kept from thus dishonoring the Church, and imperilling your own soul. Take heed!

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

Poetry, in every tongue, is perennial. It cannot die. It cannot utter itself in one language only. It needs every form of expression. As oratory, as drama, as epic, as legend, and as ballad, — in every development of spoken language; as painting, as architecture, and as sculpture, — in every department of the fine arts proper, — Poetry exhibits and expresses her immortal charms, and leads man, by his inherent love of the beautiful, away from the thick entanglements of the senses. But Poetry demands a price for her continued presence among men, and without it she eludes every effort to portray her. She *must* be free. Poetry is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and how it listeth, and when it listeth. Make rules for her and she flies to new regions, where she is offered absolute freedom. This is one secret of the utter lack of spoken and plastic poetry in our country for two complete generations. Instead of allowing the divine spirit of poesy to flow into the new forms of our new American life, we prepared Greek, and Roman, and English moulds for her; and lo! when we fancied that we had caught the fair youth, we found ourselves, like Potiphar's wife, with the cast-off garments only in our hand.

True poetry must array itself in "living robes." It must roll out of the heart and life of to-day. The instant it looks behind, the fate of Lot's wife overtakes it. Its vitality vanishes. The promised land of poetry is ever *ahead* of us.

Sculpture, like painting, is only a language; in itself, nothing — valuable only as a vehicle. If it offers nothing that nourishes the esthetic or poetic nature, a marble statue is a piece of marble — nothing more; and a painting is a piece of canvass with some pigments on it — nothing more. Now, American sculpture, until very recently, was as dead as Andrew Johnson's policy. The Boston Athenæum collection of American statuary is simply — for the most part — the chattering of a flock of parrots without feathers, translated into marble. "What do you think of Powers' Greek slave then?" asks an indignant reader. We answer, in all honesty —

"Pretty poll!"

National pride and newspaper puffery can do great things for a time; but one thing they can't do — they can't reverse the eternal laws of God: and one of these laws is, that no echo can endure. Our sculptors have been content to repeat the old stories of Rome, Greece, and Palestine; they have failed to see the same immortal beauty, grandeur and heroism in the common life of New York, Massachusetts, or even of the southern swamps. *E'en?* Why, our prairies and swamps are quite as fertile in all manner of poetry, as the Pontine marshes, and everybody sees it — as soon as the eye of the true artist points it out! See John Rogers, for example, in his "Wounded Scout" — a poem of the war, telling of a courage worthy of a Spartan soldier, and of a devotion worthy of a Christian disciple.

This man has revived — rather, he has created — the art of sculpture in America. Before him, our sculptors were quite content to produce endless imitations of Greek and Roman art. He draws his inspiration from America. It is told of him that, after his artistic nature had been aroused, he went to Rome and tried in vain to become enthusiastic in classic sculpture. He was so discouraged by his failure to transform himself into an ancient sculptor, that he came home, abandoned his dreams, and learned a new mechanical trade! But Nature had other work for our young genius than to superintend a machine shop. Poetry threw her mantle over him, and gave him clay for a language, and would not let him rest until he had

obeyed her behest. His mission was to illustrate the heroisms, the joys, the greatness, the humor, and the loves of the "common people" — to give poetical expression to their life in America, as the old sculptors illustrated the life of the gods, goddesses and heroes of antiquity. He has been true to his great function. He has made sculpture a living language. He has done more — he has republicanized this once aristocratic art; and brought it from the temple into the parlor; from the Parthenon into the library.

The adherents of the classical theories do not yet see, what the people *know* (even if they do not formulate their belief in words), that John Rogers is the first American sculptor; that his groups are national poems, vitalized equally by our sentiments and by our loves; that he alone has had the courage to refuse to grope among the catacombs and the ruins of a dead civilization for artistic inspiration; and that he alone relies for his quickening guidance on American life and American character. They who say, as I hear it said often, that it is a pity he does not do something in colossal size, are blind to the true genius of the man and the age. Greece and Rome have no home-life as we understand it; hence, their art was out-of-door art — colossal, adapted for the city squares, or for huge public buildings. But the mission of America is to diffuse the advantages of civilization — to make every home a gallery of art, as well as a temple of peace. Rogers adapts his art to our civilization, and his works follow him into our hearts and homes.

But this notion that greatness and size are synonymous, is a heresy which deserves to be exterminated without the benefit of clergy. It was a favorite theory in the old times when our geographical greatness was supposed to entitle us to the admiration of mankind notwithstanding our crimes against human nature in maintaining slavery. We have abandoned that theory now in politics, but we still adhere to it in art. Bierstadt's pictorial acres are not worth, intrinsically, half as much as some of Coleman's inches: — any more than one of Southey's long poems are worth one of Burns' little songs — any more than a thousand-ton block of granite is worth a half-ounce of diamonds — any more than one of Thomas Ball's statues is equal to one of John Rogers' groups.

We have not space enough left to notice "Rogers' Groups" one by one. They are twenty-four in number. It is enough to say that each of them (with two exceptions, "Fairy Whispers" and "The Village Politician"), represent, with the rarest skill, a distinct type of our American life, and that the best poems of the war are to be found in these images of clay. Long life to John Rogers, the poet of the people, the first and greatest of our sculptors!

WHY COMPLAIN?

Our Universalist and Unitarian friends complain very bitterly of the action of the Young Men's Christian Association, in respect to recognizing their churches or members as members of the Association. Yet wherefore? What is there in their declaration which, if they are truly Christian, they can refuse to subscribe to? Thus it reads: —

"And we hold those churches to be Evangelical, which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten Son of the Father, King of kings and Lord of lords (in whom dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree), as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment."

There is not a word here a truly devout believer can refuse to accept. It uses Scriptural language, and utters the faith of all martyrs and confessors in all ages. Are not the Holy Scriptures an infallible guide of faith and practice? Is not Jesus Christ Lord of lords, the only begotten of the Father, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, who was made an offering for us, and by faith in whose blood we are saved from everlasting punishment? The very outbreak of indignation from almost every one of their journals, is a confession of their own state. How much better is it, as the old preachers used to so effectively say, "to ground the weapons of their rebellion," and be at peace with both Christ and his Church. May they all speedily attain this grace.

A DAY ON THE CONCORD RIVER.

[Continued.]

We were all left last week in Peter's housetop condition, hungry and asleep. Birch and bush were our substitutes for the wall under whose shade he lay; the gigantic trees of this once forest primeval having diminished to that contemptible insignificance. And to this bare result Maine and Michigan are rushing, — Indiana and Ohio. Soon a forest tree will be as rare as a forest man. The original tribes and trees will have vanished together. Why will not our new States interfere and compel each township to reserve a quarter section at the least, in its heart, for a park perpetual? If we were Michiganders, or Indianians with its splendid black walnut woods, or Penobscot citizens, we would strive to make it a political State issue. Prohibit planting of grog-shops and extermination of forests. Mr. Greeley is advising it for the new Virginia towns. It ought to be everywhere.

The flavor of fish and coffee steals upon our hungry senses and will not allow any farther sovereignty to sleep. A ticklish straw assists the olfactory nerves in their legitimate sensations, applied with horrible skill by the jester of the troupe.

We have been asleep on the brink of a sleeper stream, if a stream it can be called which never streams, and a brink it can be called that spreads itself out so indifferently and hides itself for rods and rods, if not miles under the water — a meadow perpetually immersed.

Yet what seemed a stream, the likeness of a brink had on, and near these semblances under a broad apple-tree, with wild woods around, a happy conjunction of nature and art, the kettle was boiling and the pan frying. The pickerel, and perch, and pout had entered the latter, and the potatoes the former, and set up responsive boils and fries. Coffee and tea of Parisian quality and more than Parisian taste, were also sending forth a pleasant odor, and soon we hasten to rest not our heads, but our whole bodies, "on the lap of earth;" a bevy of youths of all ages, from fifteen to sixty, "to fortune and to fame unknown." Not like Gray's melancholy lad, but in the vigorous Homeric fashion, were they transferring these mealy potatoes and crispy pickerel and *café au lait* to most hungry receptacles. Twenty miles ride before breakfast would make any bitter thing sweet, how much more such sweet things as these.

Having followed Thoreau in eating, we are in a good condition to follow him in moralizing. If the senses are the first source of knowledge, then food is the feeder of fancy, and the Concord transcendentalists build up their vision and vapor on the solid substractions of pork and potatoes. Following their fashion in this particular, we essay its second and more difficult feat. It is easier to eat than to fly, at least for a man. Birds, probably prefer the latter, unfortunately we are not all birds. So we may follow *hanc aquo passu* the dreamers of the region.

The Concord is the laziest stream in the country. No western river is so completely given up to idleness. Even the English brooks are more active. It is well named the river of peace. Such a stream in this America of rushing rivers and men, is as completely out of place as a graveyard on Broadway. Not a factory, not a mill, can flourish on its banks. No clatter of wheels on its sides or in its waters

"The green silence doth displace."

Hardly a sail-boat could fly on this sluggish stream, with its more sluggish winds. A few canoes, not quite after the Indian fashion, creep over its waters, and seated in one of these we slumber on the placid surface, while others more energetic, or less, the last probably, slumber at our side with a fishing-rod in their hands at whose other end fish are also slumbering. Once in a while one less sleepy than the rest brings a squirming perch or "hog-back" from the still depths, whose contortions, as he wriggles in the air, are as much out of place as a hanging man, dancing on nothing, would be in the yard of a country Quaker meeting-house on an August Sunday. Fortunately the most of the piscators are too slow to perceive those nibbling gentry or to take this foul advantage of their acceptance of the hospitalities of the bait, and therefore let them eat and sleep with the hook in their mouths if they choose; so this capital punishment seldom affrights our eyes and "breaks the calm of Nature."

But if Concord River is so still, it is not therefore shallow. This rivulet, as it might be called, not fifty feet wide, is ten to twenty feet deep. The Concord nature prevails here; slow, smooth and deep, but not religious, are the characteristics of both. It is poetic also in its products. The white lily, most beautiful and most fragrant of flowers, is a handsome border to the waters so dark, and soft, and clear. They are not disturbed by wave or wind. Only a human hand now and then thrusts itself down towards their roots and plucks up drowned beauty by the stem, only to lie wilted and trampled on the boat's wet floor.

The cause of this extraordinary flowlessness of Concord River is not in itself; nor is it as agreeable to its borderers as the pristine estate. Twenty miles from here, at Billerica, where it empties into the Merrimack, some covetous Yankees built a dam. The descent of the river is only about three feet in that twenty miles. So a very moderately high dam sets back the water up to this place, and how much farther we know not. Ten thousand acres are thus flowed, and grass and cranberries that once enriched these farmers are changed into cotton and enrich those lords of the mills. Our gentlemanly and jolly host described the death of cranberries nipped by the early ice, before their very eyes. Thousands of dollars are thus lost every season. Many attempts have been made to cure this, but without success. For twenty years

ten thousand among the best acres in the State have been ruined. It could be cured at a small expense. A reservoir at the mouth could supply the mills for the summer and let the meadow be drained. These lands are worth at the lowest \$100 an acre, and some are worth \$500. Not less than a million of dollars, and probably not less than two millions, are thus destroyed. For the sake of the meadows, the stream and the owners, we hope the State will relieve these lands of their ruinous incubus.

Thoreau, in his week on the Concord and Merrimack, floats up seven miles from his real starting place, before he proceeds on his long journey of thirty or forty miles, in the opposite direction.

"It is worth while," he says, "to make a voyage up this stream, if you go no farther than Sudbury, only to see how much country there is in the rear of us; great hills, and a hundred brooks, and farm-houses, and barns, and haystacks you never saw before, and men everywhere; greater men than Homer, or Chaucer, or Shakespeare, only they never got time to say so; they never took to the way of writing. Look at their fields, and imagine what they might write, if they should put pen to paper. Or what have they not written on the face of the earth already, clearing and burning, and scratching and harrowing, and ploughing, and subsoiling, in and in, and out and out, and over and over, again and again, erasing what they had already written, for want of parchment."

Here we were with these more than Homers and Shakespeares, in the broad-flooded meadows, with the low hills, lowly wooded, skirting them carelessly in,—by Sherman's bridge, with the air full of memories. The Puritans pushed up here in their early history, and planted this as the Southborough; the west and south remove on this line, and organized here the 19th church in Massachusetts, 1654, Concord being the 12th. That church still has records and names as far back as 1690; whether it has any later or not, we shall leave it for the Registrar and registrar to settle. Farther up the stream, Longfellow pipes his wayside songs; farther down, Emerson muses and mutters, a munificent genius without eyes. The host is full of local stories with that wild flavor that makes fruit, game, and tales delectable in boats and solitudes that would be tame in clubs. So populous were the Shermans herabouts, he said, that when on a set day a great man from the city had been introduced to a score or less of that sort, he came to a big, brawny son of Africa, and addressed him as Mr. Sherman. "Don't you call me a Sherman," indignantly responded the modern Cato, or Cæsar, to the immense delight of all but the family.

A bath in the Concord ought to be equivalent to one in the Helicon. Having dipped in the Jordan seven times, we could trust ourselves without danger to these heretical waters. How we, and the fish, and the reeds, and the boats, and the water tumbled about together, it is unbecomingly so lofty a narrative to describe. All seemed of the jolliest, and perhaps the stream will recover its ancient orthodoxy after such a Methodist infusion.

The longest lanes and days turn, so we set our horse's face and our own city-wards, leaving our Unitarian brother looking as lonely without us as his church looks outside of the fold ecclesiastic. May he and she soon seek the Door, and go in and out, and find pasture.

What a finish does the country put on near old and large centres of population. The trees tower over farm-houses and line roadsides, architecture blossoms on roof-trees, as if the translated wood put forth its long-forgotten flowers. Lawns spread out before the house. The barns retire to the side or back of the house. Paint, white or subdued to Nature's tints, clothe the whole homestead with refinement. Larger mansions, embosomed in trees, hold fortunate comers; delicious churches give art a sacredness, and suggest heavenly beauties. What more than a country church? Look at this one in Weston. How white, how clean, like the saintly linen of the angels. How green the grass and trees before it. How quiet the air about it. "The meadow, sweet with hay," lies between it and the parsonage, where dwells one of the best and most beloved of our pastors. Who would burn for city churches, hot, close, noisy, wicked, when he can be monarch of such a scene and society as this? Wisely did this pastor, long and prominent a city gentleman, change his vocation on the sidewalks for this higher one on the roadside.

The out-lying churches of the suburban towns erect their glittering spires, like a skirmish line presenting their shining rifles to an advancing guard. They detect friends in this ministerial host, and allow them to pass unproved within their lines. Does their uniform aspect denote their coming uniformity of faith and life? and shall Christ yet be their acknowledged Lord and Saviour? Undoubtedly. The king, doms, and certainly the churches of the earth, shall become the kingdoms and Church of our Lord and His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever.

This five o'clock at night finds a far busier population than did the five o'clock in the morning. Boston, and all around it is jammed with life. The very houses seem to have woke up, the streets jump responsive to the carts and carriages that fly or rattle at the touch of hoof and wheel.

Will the dead be thus busy again? Why not? We left this city girdled in its grave-clothes, chamber-coffins, and house-tombs. We find it, twelve hours after, full of vehement life. Why will not Mount Auburn's citizens thus come out of their equally ornate chambers and dwellings? Tell us, ye who prattle so wisely about the impossibility of the resurrection, "the gates ajar," sisterhood and brotherhood, why not? "They that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake. With their dead bodies shall they come." Awake like these, some to sin, some to righteousness, some to honor, some to shame and everlasting contempt. Thus awake those in these jails and prison-houses, three of which dot that northern semi-circle on the Cambridge bridge; in those two

hospitals of suffering and insanity that properly fill up that arc of painful vision; in those stately mansions, and those so poor and mean in that park of learning without faith, and that cottage of faith, without learning; in that den of dragons, and that home of purity and love. Every day is a type of the eternal day, every resurrection of the one that is to come. May each day, like this, be spent in placid pleasure, and end in the city of our God, the home of infinite mercy, piety, and peace.

In speaking of the conflict and possible disruption of the Republican party in Massachusetts, on the question of Temperance, *THE HERALD* declared that Governor Andrew foresaw this dissolution in his day, and "had he lived four days longer would have put himself on the platform of Adams and rum." This *The Transcript* denies with epithets and personalities which it could have spared to the improvement of its style. It says:—

"Ex-Governor Andrew, if he had not 'passed on' before the November election of 1867, would have voted for Gov. Bullock at the polls, and none knew this fact better than the managers of the 'liberal' movement of that year. Whatever contest John A. Andrew waged against prohibition and its supporters, was carried on within the Republican organization."

Upon this *The Commonwealth* significantly remarks:—

"*The Transcript* is good authority on this point, for it had the confidence of 'liberal' leaders at the time, and we are glad to chronicle this emphatic vindication of a good man's memory."

We should also be "glad to chronicle this emphatic vindication of a good man's memory," if it were a little more vindicated. But the only difference between the position of *The Transcript* and *THE HERALD* is, in the "voting" for Mr. Bullock instead of Mr. Adams. It was not exactly in our statement that he did intend to vote for Mr. Adams, though that inference could be fairly drawn from the remark, which was not so explicit as it might have been. That *The Commonwealth*, which is the most of an organ of the Republican party of any journal, welcomes this vindication, even at this late day, shows how much the leaders of that party feared this step. *The Transcript* says, "None knew this fact better than the managers of the 'liberal' movement." That concedes that Gov. Andrew did not cooperate with the regular Republican leaders, but with a faction that was seeking to overthrow a policy that had been substantially, though informally adopted by the party, and that the real leaders did not intend to disturb. Will *The Transcript* please give us a little more light on that affair? Was not Governor Andrew to appear at Faneuil Hall on the Monday night before election, on the same platform with Mr. J. Q. Adams, the candidate of the Democratic party for Governor? And was not that meeting abandoned because of his death? Will it also inform the public whether the hall for that occasion was engaged by the 'liberal' Republicans, who meant "to carry on their warfare against prohibition and its supporters within the Republican organization," or by the Democratic managers, or jointly? That he was thus to speak, was as currently reported and believed as any fact unofficially announced could well be. That it was feared and probably expected by the Republican managers, *The Commonwealth* more than suggests. That the Governor had largely abandoned the counsels and communion of the real leaders and managers of that party in this State, every one in its management knew. That he had openly and earnestly advocated the cause of rum, everybody in America knew. His public life is inseparably stained with that stain. For it, *THE HERALD* dealt justly and kindly with him when he was in the height of his career. To preserve him from it there were private attempts made, for which, were he living, he would, we believe, express gratitude to-day. "Alas, my glory!" Massachusetts has to say, as she looks upon the rising and the setting of this star in her right hand.

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MOTES.

A NEW MORNING PAPER.—Mr. Usher will start the *Boston Daily Tribune* in a few days; a first-class paper, devoted to Prohibition and all the other good things. It will be a campaign paper. We hope it will be liberally sustained and be a great help to the cause. Let our friends everywhere circulate it.

A curious error crept into our note last week in reply to *The Watchman and Reflector*. A quotation intending to show

that the sole purpose of our article on Secular Colleges was to consider the question of colleges and not common schools, was omitted and a line inserted that belonged by itself. Instead of that line, "Shall the school rule the Church, or the Church the school," read, "Whatever may be the debate on the primary schools, the colleges will continue to be denominational."

The State Prohibitory Convention met on Tuesday. It was a large body; its words were grave and weighty, and will have great influence on the coming campaign. A full report will be given next week.

Only one District in the New England Conference, three in New Hampshire, and two in Providence, have sent us the report of the vote; none in Maine or Vermont. Please send them in brethren.

The Universalist asks a question and answers it:—

"Is it a fact that all railroad directors, and merchants, are afflicted with 'business unscrupulousness'? Then let our Young Men's Christian Associations repel all these offenders against the moral law, and invite a few heretics to join them. They will gain in respectability and influence."

We fear that the invited spirits would be no better, and as a whole not as good as the expelled. There is as much "business unscrupulousness" among "the heretics" as "the saints." If our neighbor can point us to any shining exceptions outside the Church, we shall be happy to record them. They are too rare everywhere. What is required, is the application of the Gospel to commerce and trade. That only can cure this evil. The difference between it and *THE HERALD* is, that we declare a sin that is too common in the Church and the world, *The Universalist* does not. As to "respectability and influence," we are not aware that the parties to whom it refers are a whit behind in these gifts the very chiefest of "the heretics." But that does not make them without sin. May it join us in urging upon merchants the practice of the golden rule; a law to-day almost universally disobeyed by this most influential and respectable class.

The new flag of the Rum League in this city bears as its motto "Prohibition is Despotism." "The best governed are the self-governed." These mottoes will be especially appropriate in the procession of its supporters to, and especially from the dram-shops. How many now go reeling under the despot Rum, mauling muttering, "The—best—governed—are—the—self-governed." Strange disjunction of words.

There are six millions, two hundred thousand Evangelical Church members in the United States. What a host of ayowed disciples of Jesus Christ. If they were all filled with His grace how soon the world would be redeemed.

The Transcript has studied up Webster and Worcester to find out the meaning of "lovel" in the line *THE HERALD* quoted:—

"One sad lovel spoils his name for aye."

These "strange words," as it calls them, are taken from "Childe Harold," First Book, Second Stanza. We hope our tea-table companion is not losing its literary excellence, as it has that of temperance, which it once possessed. Better come back to its first love and then it will retain these lesser literary virtues.

The Journal asks if it is not "traducing" Gov. Andrew, to say that he intended to appear on the platform of "Adams and rum." As he appeared on the last platform for the last nine months of his life, and on practically no other, there can be no "traducing" of him in that part of the declaration. As to whether he should vote for Mr. Adams or Mr. Bullock is of little account, Mr. Adams is as fine and able a gentleman as Mr. Bullock, and more truly represented the Ex-governor's views on the chief question then before the people. With the daring that characterized him, he would not have been afraid to follow his convictions in the path they inevitably demanded. It is the farthest possible from traducing his name, to state a fact that everybody knows to be true, however deplorable that fact may be.

At the Philological Convention lately held at Poughkeepsie, Dr. Raymond, President of Vassar Female College, on showing the gentlemen the buildings, remarked, that he could only show them the cradle, the infant was away; whereupon Prof. Harkness replied in behalf of the Association that they could not "kiss the baby," and authorized the President to do it for them. The Latin Professor showed that if skilled in the dead tongues, he was none the less so in live lips.

PERSONAL.

GOVERNOR CLAPLIN.—The election of William Claflin by the people of this State, last November, was an event which caused universal joy and congratulations, especially where it was well known that he did not seek the office of Governor, but, on the contrary, had repeatedly declined to allow his name to be used at the State Convention. From the day that he was inaugurated to the present moment, he has discharged his duties as Governor of Massachusetts with marked industry and ability; and we venture to say, that we never had an Executive of this State who has had a greater practical knowledge of business in its details, or one who has shown a greater capacity in their management, than the present Chief Magistrate. His remarkable administrative talents, his uniform courtesy and affability, have made him a great favorite with those who have been called to transact business with him. We are aware that some have expressed the wish that the Governor was a great orator; but we have no misgivings on that point. It is not the man who talks the most who is the most useful or the most respected. Had it not been for the Yanceys, the Davises, and the Wises, and a host of specious

sophists at the South, we never should have had the rebellion. On looking over the histories of the great men who have wielded immense power, and have achieved great victories, we find that they were not great talkers. Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Grant, and a host of others were not known for their rhetorical powers. If Gov. Claflin is not an orator, we are happy to say that in all his recent speeches he has acquitted himself with great credit. His remarkable good sense is seen in his terse sentences, which are always to the point, and which have given universal satisfaction.

During the session of the last Legislature prohibitory liquor law was passed. The Governor had nothing to do with the election of the members of the General Court, or with their action. The presumption is and was that they were selected not only to reflect the sentiments of their constituents, but to act in accordance with their wishes. Governor Claflin sanctioned every bill which was enacted, and if there is any cause of complaint about the doings of the Legislature, those who elected them must have the responsibility. The Executive is above and beyond all reproach. He has simply done his duty. Of his reelection we do not entertain a doubt. Massachusetts is just in her judgments. The Governor's endorsement by the people at the next State election will be emphatic and triumphant. God bless Governor Claflin! — *Evening Traveller*.

The credit of the Philological Convention is due to Prof. Comfort of Alleghany College. Rev. C. H. Brigham thus commends him in *The Liberal Christian*:—

"That the Association has been so happily organized, and has such large hope for the future, is due, in an eminent degree, to the untiring service of Prof. Comfort, of Alleghany College. If it has a father he is its father. It may outgrow his original plan, but the first impulse came from him, and should so be recorded to his honor."

According to *The California Advocate*, an entertainment was given at the Powell St. Church, July 23, at which Bemis Merrill, esq., formerly of Boston, read an excellent essay, and addresses were made by Bishop Kingsley, Senator Harlan, Dr. Tiffany and Oliver Hoyt, esq. It was pronounced a delightful entertainment.

The Methodist Church.

EAST MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

Our Wesleyan brethren enjoyed a good revival, under the labors of their eloquent and popular pastor, Rev. Mr. Sprague, Barrington, N. B. As one of the results they are building a church. At St. Stephen, another charge, they have moved the old church off the lot, and will build a good church this season. This place has been very much improved by the railroad from Woodstock, N. B., and from Houlton, Maine. This road crosses the European and North American Railroad, 25 miles from Calais; so when the E. and N. A. road is completed, passengers from Calais can reach Bangor by rail in from six to eight hours.

Since the revival at Machias, our friends there have found their church too small for them, and will enlarge. The interior of the church at Orland has been very much improved. The pews in the new church at Alexander were all sold, and more were desired. Our friends at Orrington Centre, have voted to remodel and repair their church outside and inside.

The next term of the East Maine Conference Seminary will commence August 30. There is a prospect of a very full term. The Trustees have voted to spend more money in grading the grounds. Its friends have reason to thank God and take courage. Among other blessings, the students will enjoy superior preaching, as the pastor, Rev. Cyrus Stone, is winning golden opinions in the pulpit of the M. E. Church in the beautiful village.

VERMONT.

CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The first academical year of the Vermont Conference Seminary and Female College, in its new location at Montpelier, closed on Wednesday, 21st ult. The exercises were highly satisfactory. The annual sermon was delivered by the Principal on Sunday, the 18th, and on the two following days the examination of the several classes took place. The address before the Ladies' Aesthetic Society, was delivered on Tuesday evening by Rev. W. F. Mallalieu of Chelsea. On Wednesday, the oratorical exercises took place in the chapel, and were participated in by a large number of the pupils, and their efforts were eminently meritorious. The graduates in the "Seminary Course," were Mr. Homer J. Whipple, and in the "College Preparatory Course," Joel A. Sherburn, Charles W. Smiley, George H. Smith and Frank A. Winch. All of these are young men of solid worth. The last four go to Middletown, Ct., and most of them will in due time find their way into the ministry of our Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GERMAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT.—A concert by the teachers and pupils of the Sunday-school of the German M. E. Church (the Rev. F. W. Dinger, pastor), was given in that edifice in Shawmut Avenue, Roxbury, Sunday evening, the 8th inst. After reading passages of Scripture, some appropriate selections were excellently sung by the teachers and pupils. Mr. David Snow then delivered a very interesting and able address on the benefits derivable from Sabbath-school teaching and from early parental culture. He concluded with a seasonable exhortation.

Mr. Henry Furnas and Mr. T. B. Hildreth, also addressed the audience. Bouquets of flowers were presented by the scholars to the three speakers, each of which was appropriately acknowledged.

Mr. T. H. Chadwick was so delighted with the exercises,

that he presented the school with a donation of thirty dollars.

Governor Claflin was expected to be present, but some other more important call undoubtedly hindered him from fulfilling his promise.

The exercises concluded with the singing of the doxology in the English and German, and the benediction by Br. Dinger.

NEW YORK.

Daniel Terry of the Missionary Rooms, sends the following item:—

"EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIVE BROADWAY.—This number is to be famous in Methodist history in coming time, as were 13 Crosby-street and 200 Mulberry-street in time past, for now, and from this time forth, we shall date at Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York. We bespeak from all the friends of the cause of missions an interest in their daily devotions, and a friendly call, especially from our friends from a distance, that they may see with their own eyes, and tell to their children what favor has come to us in answer to the prayers and offerings of the fathers and their children."

THE BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The one hundred and twenty-sixth annual session of the British Wesleyan Conference, was held in the ancient town of Hull in Yorkshire, commencing on Thursday, July 29, about six hundred ministers being present. After devotional exercises, the Conference proceeded to fill the vacancies in the legal hundred, which resulted as follows:—

HENRY W. WILLIAMS, by nomination, in the place of T. Dunn, superannuated.

ELIJAH TOYNE, by seniority, in the place of John Geden, superannuated.

THOMAS LEWELLYN, by nomination, in the place of F. A. West, deceased.

JOHN PARKES, by seniority, in the place of W. Watson (n), deceased.

THOMAS NIGHTINGALE, by nomination, in the place of Samuel Young, superannuated.

J. W. M'KAY, in Ireland, in the place of Henry Price, deceased.

The election of President and Secretary for the ensuing year, resulted in the choice of Rev. F. J. Jobson, D. D., for the first, and Rev. J. Farrar for the latter office. The other candidates for the Presidency, were Revs. J. Farrar, T. Vasey, Dr. J. H. James, and L. H. Wiseman. "The President," says the Methodist Recorder, "has served the Church in various capacities faithfully and well, and has gradually worked his way to its highest position, after thirty-five years spent in ministerial service, thirty of which were devoted to circuit work, nine years out of the thirty (an instance, we believe, without a parallel in our Connectional records) having been spent in one circuit in three several terms of three years each. Dr. Jobson has rendered public service in more than one important mission. Some years ago he was appointed, together with the late Dr. Hannah, as a representative of the British Conference to the General Conference of the United States of America. He was also appointed our representative to the Australasian Conference, and has recorded the chief incidents of that journey in a pleasant volume, well known to many of our readers, and which is not his only contribution to the literature of our day."

We are not yet in receipt of a full report, but from what we have read, we have little hesitation in pronouncing the proceedings of the Conference to have been very harmonious and profitable. From the school report of Rev. G. W. Oliver, it appears that—

"The number of Day-schools is 698, an increase of 16; scholars 119,070, an increase of 8,990; average attendance 77,600, an increase of 4,979. The amount of Government annual grants to Wesleyan schools in 1868 was £32,611 19s. 6d., being an increase on the amount reported last year, of £476 7s. 1d. Twelve entirely new schools were erected during the year 1868, one was transferred to new buildings, and eight were commenced in existing buildings. Twenty-eight outfit grants were made by the General Committee, amounting to £1,125. The number of certificated teachers employed in Wesleyan schools on the 31st of December last was 591; of assistant teachers 42; and of pupil teachers 899, an increase of 164 on the previous year."

The report on the Sabbath-school shows the following returns:—

Schools, 5,328	increase	86
Teachers and officers, 109,441	"	723
Ditto in Society or on trial, 77,050	"	348
Scholars, 601,801	"	19,781
Ditto in Society or on trial, 36,372	decrease	572
Ditto in select classes, 18,881	increase	1,205
Young persons in Bible classes by ministers		
or others, 13,015	decrease	2,727

One of the most important discussions was in reference to petitioning the House of Commons, that such measures may be adopted as shall secure the enforcement of an adequate "conscience clause" in all schools receiving parliamentary aid. The necessity for this measure is pointed out by Dr. Rigg, in a letter to the *Watchman*, wherein he shows that an intolerant spirit is repeatedly manifested by clergymen of the established Church, towards the children of Methodist parents. Indeed, the *Watchman* goes so far as to say, that "an organized conspiracy has been at work throughout the country, by means of the National schools, to extinguish Dissenting, and especially Methodist, Sunday-schools, and to infuse into the minds of the children of Nonconformists, in their tenderest years, the pernicious leaven of High Church, that is, of essentially Popish, principles. The evidences of this conspiracy have during the last few years, been pouring in upon the Educational Committee and the Conference, through the District Educational Reports."

The Missionary Reports, both Home and Foreign, indicate a great degree of activity and prosperity. Spain and Italy have received the attention of the Church, with every prospect of effecting a good work in those fields. Among the speakers on Home Missions, was Sir Francis Lyceff, who, after earnestly calling attention to the destitute neighborhoods of London, and insisting on the necessity of appointing the most able and effective ministers to the work of planting Methodism amongst them, wound up by offering to be responsible for the salary of one such man if the Conference would appoint him.

We cannot resist the temptation to insert a pleasant paragraph from an article entitled "Conference Sketches" in the *Recorder*. It shows that if Methodists yet meet with organized opposition in Great Britain, they are not without many staunch friends in all quarters and in all grades of society:—

"John Wesley's sons in the Gospel have received a welcome in Hull which reminds them of their Founder's first appearance here only by the strong contrast of this with that. He was stoned—we are fêted. Yorkshire hospitality surpasses itself on this occasion. If the begging-letter writer and similar scamps knew what a chance they are losing, they would be ready to bite their fingers in vexation; for I really believe that anybody who would mount a suitable white tie and black coat might transact a considerable amount of swindling by practising on the faith with which the Conference is regarded. One brother, then unprovided with a house, was met in the street by a gentleman whom he had never before seen, and to whom he was personally a stranger, and on the mere faith of being a member of Conference, was forthwith invited to his house, and then there carried off in a sort of whirlwind of hospitality. But, indeed, the extent to which Methodist feeling has leavened the population of Hull is as surprising as it is gratifying to those who come from the more frigid Methodist regions. Here you find Methodists turning up everywhere, and in all sorts of disguises. Your correspondent was introduced to a burly policeman in the street, with the information that the officer was a local preacher. At the station I hailed a cab, and before I could give the cabman his directions, he said, "Thornton-street, Sir?" and inquiry led to the discovery that he too was a Methodist. Indeed, the extent to which Methodists fill all offices, from the highest to the lowest, in this seaport, is unequalled in any town of England, unless it be Bolton. No doubt this general impression is greatly aided by the magnitude of some of the offshoots of Methodism, "the Primitives" especially having the headquarters of their Connection in this town. It is only fair to state that the most kind hospitality has been tendered by the Independents, New Connection and Primitive Methodists, as well as by some "Church people."

THE VOTE.—*The New York Advocate* gives a report from one hundred and sixty-nine Districts, which we classify in their Conferences:—

	4 Districts,	2,007 for,	1,966 against.
New York,	2 "	1,287 "	1,283 "
New York East,	2 "	2,095 "	1,929 "
Newark,	2 "	2,089 "	908 "
New Jersey,	3 "	857 "	700 "
Wyoming (partial),	3 "	812 "	246 "
New Hampshire,	2 "	900 "	499 "
East Genesee,	12 "	6,080 "	5,512 "
Pittsburg,	7 "	4,421 "	3,070 "
Erie,	7 "	4,149 "	498 "
Wisconsin,	3 "	854 "	280 "
West Wisconsin,	1 "	887 "	222 "
Kentucky,	5 "	2,101 "	2,081 "
West Virginia,	1 "	419 "	189 "
Central German,	1 "	285 "	206 "
Southwest German,	4 "	1,009 "	606 "
N. W. German,	2 "	759 "	258 "
Providence,	6 "	2,103 "	1,938 "
Central Ohio,	2 "	918 "	1,120 "
North Ohio,	3 "	1,543 "	2,002 "
Ohio,	2 "	304 "	300 "
Oregon,	3 "	1,435 "	1,259 "
Cincinnati,	4 "	6,638 "	2,325 "
Philadelphia,	2 "	2,018 "	690 "
Wilmington,	4 "	832 "	244 "
Central New York,	4 "	2,252 "	2,473 "
Central Pennsylvania,	3 "	1,394 "	157 "
Delaware,	2 "	1,144 "	699 "
South Carolina (partial),	1 "	635 "	213 "
Genesee (partial),	1 "	87 "	24 "
Tennessee (partial),	3 "	1,567 "	1,206 "
Baltimore,	2 "	425 "	190 "
Vermont,	1 "	835 "	191 "
New England,	3 "	1,425 "	601 "
Indians,	2 "	635 "	373 "
N. W. Indians,	4 "	1,414 "	1,413 "
Troy,	5 "	2,830 "	794 "
Michigan,	1 "	492 "	144 "
Detroit,	1 "	36 "	120 "
Georgia,	1 "	197 "	0 "
Texas,	5 "	3,047 "	39 "
Louisiana,	4 "	1,111 "	172 "
Kansas,	1 "	56 "	86 "
California,	2 "	1,142 "	224 "
Des Moines,	3 "	1,928 "	152 "
Missouri,	1 "	142 "	28 "
Minnesota (partial),	3 "	1,299 "	308 "
Illinois,	2 "	891 "	864 "
South Illinois,	4 "	1,747 "	451 "
Central Illinois,	1 "	1,205 "	5 "
Mississippi,	1 "	947 "	127 "
Holston,	5 "	3,518 "	898 "
Rock River,	3 "	768 "	514 "
Black River,	1 "	730 "	190 "
Iowa,	7 "	3,123 "	793 "
Upper Iowa,			
Total, 134,745		84,088	40,677

The number of Districts here reported are one hundred and sixty-nine. The whole number of Districts are three hundred and eighty-nine. So that not one half are yet sent in. If the rest vote proportionally, the whole vote will be over 200,000; so that the argument as to the smallness of the vote is fast disappearing, as it ought never to have been raised.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — Num. xiv. 21.

NOBLE EXAMPLES. — The old Scotch Covenanters say, — "For every seven ministers at home, we have one in foreign lands." The Moravians have one for every sixty members of the church. The Sandwich Islanders, out of 18,174 church members, have 38 laborers in the heathen lands beyond. How many laborers in foreign fields has the Methodist Episcopal Church with her more than a million of members? How many ought she to have? Ought she not at once to double the present number? She can do it. All she wants is the missionary spirit.

BIBLE TRANSLATION. — Efforts are now made to give every nation the Bible in its vernacular tongue. This is a glorious work and can but be hailed with joy by every Christian heart. To accomplish this work, imposes heavy burdens on our missionaries. What years of incessant toil did Drs. Morrison and Judson devote to this work? How abundant the fruit of their labors!

The Bible, complete, has now been printed in the Tahitian, Samoan, Rorotongan, Tongan, Fijian, and Hawaiian dialects—all branches of the Polynesian language. Portions of the Bible have also been printed in the Marquesan, New Zealand, Gilbert Island, Marshall Island, Ponapean, and Strong's Island languages. To accomplish this enterprise has required an amount of literary and linguistic labor which can scarcely be appreciated except by those who have spent years in acquiring a foreign language, and additional years in the work of patient translation and revision; yet all this has been done exclusively by the English and American missionaries in the Pacific, besides all their other labor.

Dr. Bridgman's translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese language is now read by many of the higher classes in Japan, and is preparing the way for great changes in that country.

BURMAH. — Throughout Burmah the work of Christianizing the heathen is progressing finely. The great want here as elsewhere is more laborers to carry on the work. A missionary writing from Henthada, says: —

"There is an encouraging state of things among the heathen Burmans of Henthada. Our hearts have been gladdened and our faith surprised by five most interesting conversions since July, and hearing of many cases of earnest inquiry among the people who have been preached to a great many years, but hitherto have listened with utter indifference to the 'glad tidings of great joy.' It is evidently the work of the Holy Spirit. We have reason to feel greatly encouraged and strengthened. Just at this time, when the workers are so few, we are inclined to be cast down; but God shows us that He can work by few as well as by many."

SWEDEN. — The Spirit is still poured out in Sweden and the revival influence is spreading in every direction. A brother, writing in *The Macedonian*, from Gottland, says: —

"The Lord has greatly blessed the labors of our dear Brother Lindgren. In the beginning not many came to the meetings; but the number soon increased, and the dry bones began to be shaken here and there. The Spirit of the Lord came, and many who were dead in trespasses and sins were made alive. There have been times when we have been made to rejoice in the conversion of souls, but never as now. There was not a meeting held without some fruit. Almost every one seemed to ask, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Many souls now are enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. Every evening our meeting-house has been so crowded that not all have been able to get in. It is impossible at this moment to state how many have been converted at this time; for every evening we have had to converse with anxious souls. Among the new converts there are children of fourteen, to their kind women of fifty years. Many are yet anxious, and we hope that many more will be brought into the kingdom."

GOOD FRUIT. — Some years since, a native youth was converted in Liberia, and was named Charles A. Pitman, after our late honored Missionary Secretary. He is now a minister, stationed at Greenville, within the bounds of the Liberia Annual Conference, and is an efficient, successful missionary. May his labors continue as long, and he as greatly blessed as were those of him whose name he bears!

WHAT ONE CAN DO IN SAVING THE HEATHEN. — A missionary who sailed from England to India in 1842, and returned on account of his health in 1864—twenty-two years—during that period induced the natives to demolish 54 idol-temples, was instrumental in building 64 Christian churches, and witnessed the ordination of thirteen of his native converts to the work of the ministry.

CAN WE RAISE IT? — What? One dollar for each member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for missions, the present year? How much will it be? \$1,255,116. We can and ought to raise it, and let all the people say, Amen.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

The Annual Minutes of the Kansas General Association, report the number of the churches of that body as 49, of which but five are vacant. Church members 1,857, or, adding those of churches as last year reported, but not this year returned, 1,606. The additions since the last report, to 43 churches, have been: by profession 115, by letter 216; total, 332. Thirty-three churches report 1,694 children in Sunday-schools. Nine new churches have been added to the list during the year. Two laborers, who have been absent, have returned; ten have come in for the first time—an addition of twelve to the working force. The churches have raised for the support of the ministry, \$11,400; for church building, \$16,500; for Sunday-school purposes, \$1,085; and with these, and other objects of Christian work at home and abroad, a total of \$33,178.74.

The Whittenton Church, at Taunton, is going on prosperously. Recent revival influences have resulted in some thirty conversions; and new inquirers are now found week after week. The church, organized a year ago with twenty-four

members, now numbers fifty. Public worship is had in a spacious and beautiful hall; and the congregation gathered is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons. — *Congregationalist*.

BAPTIST.

On a late Sabbath, Rev. L. A. Grimes, pastor of the Phillips Street Baptist Church, delivered a very able and interesting address, giving a succinct and detailed account of his twenty-three years' labor in Boston. In the evening, a second discourse, bearing on the same subject, was also given.

A RELIGIOUS BABY SHOW. — A Baptist Church in Massachusetts has recently erected a new house of worship, and, in accordance with a custom somewhat prevalent in that section, at least, has held a three days' fair, to aid in paying the bills. Among other attractions of the fair, the published programme presents the following: —

"On the afternoon of Wednesday there will be an EXHIBITION OF BABIES in one of the ante-rooms of the vestry. Admission, 15 cents."

So says a Baptist paper. It is well, perhaps, for our Baptist brethren to find some place in the church for their "babies." If they will not baptize them, why let them exhibit them. Barnum had not only a baby show, but a puppy show. Cannot some of our embarrassed churches get up a puppy show? — *Northern Christian Advocate*.

Certainly; there are puppies enough in every church!

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The common school system of Ohio is an element in the canvass of that State. The Catholic organ calls for the abolition of the system, and thinks that under Rosecrans, who is a Catholic, this might be accomplished.

Archbishop McCloskey, on the eve of his departure to attend the approaching Ecumenical Council called by the Pope, preached a farewell sermon at the Cathedral in Mott Street, last Sunday. Referring to the Council, he maintained that in their action, provided it agreed with the views of the Pope, the Council would be inspired of the Holy Ghost, and that, therefore, their decisions will be infallibly correct. In his sermon he thus sets forth the Romish view of conversion and of the Christian life, with all its emphasis on external form and ritual: "In Baptism, our ears were opened to hear His (the Saviour's) commands, and to obey them. In the Sacrament of Penance, we are raised from the depth and degradation of sin to a life of grace. In the Holy Eucharist, under the form and appearance of bread, there is given to us a celestial food, to strengthen us in combating with the evil tendencies of the world; and in Confirmation, the gifts of the Holy Ghost enable us to secure the immortal crown." — *N. Y. Observer*.

THE HALL OF THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL. — Soon after the approaching festivals at Rome, the preparations for fitting up the grand hall in which the Ecumenical will hold its sittings will be commenced and rapidly proceeded with. The original plans have been somewhat modified, but it remains decided that the Council shall be held in the great northern transept of the basilica of St. Peter's. In this vast semi-circle, a throne of more than regal splendor will be raised for the Pope, who will have to his right and his left, on a level about six steps lower, the Cardinals of the Church. Along the walls, on each side, will be seven ranges of stalls, of rich workmanship, and superbly decorated, for the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops who are expected from all lands to be present at the august assemblage. Around the tapestried walls will be hung at intervals paintings on a magnificent scale, of some of the most celebrated councils of antiquity, and portraits of the respective Popes who presided over them. The original plan is so far modified that no place is assigned for ambassadors or other representatives of foreign Powers. The principal entrance will be opposite the Confessional of St. Peter's. The speeches will be in Latin—still, as in centuries gone, the official language of the Romish Church.

NO MORE PICNICS. — The Roman Catholic Church in this country has set a good example to all others by forbidding picnics. The origin of the prohibition was the great number of abuses prevailing at such gatherings. The clergy have exerted themselves vigorously in enforcement of their Church ordinance. They have denounced fairs and picnics from the altar, interdicted them by special mandate, and used all their influence against them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The total Receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from Sept. 1, 1863, to May 31, 1869, three fourths of the fiscal year, were \$284,665.16, of which \$40,967.58 were from Boston. The largest amount from any Boston church, \$5,387.51, was contributed by the Old South. The appropriations for the year are \$547,600. To avoid a deficiency, the treasury must receive \$262,634.85 before Sept. 1, or \$67,611.61 per month. The people who support that Board are well able to supply the required amount, and we expect to see it done.

The Jewish Record thus bewails the state of Israel: — "Tomorrow is the anniversary of Israel's greatest national calamity. We are plunged in grief when we look back to the past, when we reflect on what we have lost. Our hearts grow sad when we think of the downfall of our nationality, the destruction of our Temple, the dispersion of our ancestors, and the miseries they and their descendants have endured through countless ages. Yet, we can also perceive the bright ray beginning to pierce the dense cloud that has so long hidden us as in a shroud. With perhaps one exception, Israel now dwells safely and happily in every country where he chooses to sojourn. Our present felicity cannot obliterate the remembrance of the past misfortunes. Still it may be hailed as the commencement of the realization of God's promise to turn our sorrow into joy, our weeping into singing, our captivity into perfect freedom. And in this hope let us patiently await the accomplishment of His word, which has been our stay and our comfort in times of deepest distress, and which will in the fullness of time, lead us back with thankful hearts to His holy hill and to His tabernacles."

THE OLD AND THE NEW. — When a certain ancient preacher went into the wilderness, his garment was a camel's hair about his loins, and his meat locusts and wild honey. Here's how a modern preacher went into the "Wilderness": —

"He wore a black velvet shooting-jacket, with pantaloons cut tight at the ankle and buttoned up to the knee. A

tight fitting skull cap, of light blue color, ornamented with primroses and buttercups, picked by the way. He had with him (and chiefly upon his person) all the sporting things, guns, pistols, powder, shot, fishing-rods, reels, poles, jack-knives, books, lines, leaden, and flies. He had on a belt with a knife and a tin cup. His wife and her sister were dressed in a sort of Scotch costume, with exceedingly short skirts, shining Rob Roy plaid stockings, and balmoral boots. To heighten the effects of this dress, they had black leather belts buckled about them, carrying more implements of destruction than that celebrated Highland chieftain ever thought of. There were loaded pistols, knives, silver cups, silver whistles, and to each—a corkscrew. Query: What does a preacher's wife want with a corkscrew?"

Our Social Meeting.

Benj. Pitman, esq., of New Bedford, thus approves the

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"My heart leaped up when I beheld a notice in THE HERALD of the formation of the above Society as a measure dictated by Heaven in the right direction, and the exclamation was involuntary, 'God bless those noble women!' Since then my eyes have been gladdened and my heart quickened in its pulsations by reading the first two numbers of their publication, *The Heathen Woman's Friend*. The object of this notice is to call attention to it, and induce our members to subscribe for it—only 30 cents a year. Take it by all means; all take it. It will be a fertilizer to the soul, superphosphate for the mission spirit. If you doubt it, read the last number. Having read this publication for a year, you will no longer vote the missionary subject a bore, or the concert a meeting in which you feel no interest, and have nothing to say.

Let auxiliary branches of the Society be formed in all our churches, let the pastors see to it, if none others will; scatter the paper, diffuse light, spread the flame, shout the cry, Ho! for the heathen.

Rev. R. H. Howard thus commends Rev. Dr. Hatfield's views on

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

I think he deserves well of the community for his article in *The Independent*. It is a bold, vigorous, eloquent statement of the conservative aspect of this issue. The first argument—that the advocacy of the cause is, for the most part, in bad hands, and badly managed,—is freely admitted by *The Independent*, *Springfield Republican*, and *Zion's Herald*, all advocates of female suffrage. [We are not aware that any one of these papers have admitted that.—Ed.]

The 2d argument on Female Suffrage—no remedy for the evils so pathetically complained of, and described by advocates of Woman's Rights—the matter of wages for instance, being determined by the law of supply and demand, and hence not to be affected by legislation—is an argument which, though repeatedly advanced has never yet been answered. Anna Dickinson, with all her splurge and ado, has never yet, to my knowledge, attempted an answer; while Gail Hamilton freely admits the force of it, and warns her sisters that no one, of whichever sex, need expect first-rate pay, unless he can turn off a first-rate article. When Anna Dickinson will convince the community that she has not just as good a chance to lecture, and does not succeed in obtaining just as much compensation for her literary or intellectual wares as though she were a man, or could cast a ballot, it will then be time enough for her to talk.

The 3d argument—that Female Suffrage would, probably, greatly augment, if not double the political power of the Roman Catholic Church in this country—though I had thought of it, I confess I had not felt the force of it before, as after reading that article. Nothing is truer than that the great mass of the better class of our American women do not want to, and are not going to vote. While, if this change so ardently clamored for by a few, is actually introduced, every Irish Roman Catholic Bridget and washerwoman, as also the swarms of wretched tramps of our great cities, will be roped in, and made to cast their vote solid for all conceivable abominations, reducing our municipal, if not, indeed, also our State governments, to a ten-fold more humiliating depth of degradation than even at present. Talk about the female vote redeeming our politics! If the better class of our women are ever induced to vote as a mass, it will only be in self-defence against the very abuses brought upon the community, and thus, upon them, through the adoption of this very measure.

When will these noisy declaimers about the crushed faculties and feeble influence of woman, being all attributable to the want of the ballot, learn that, if, instead of thus perpetually dinning and railing against man as their chief enemy, they would direct their chief attention to the faults and foibles of their own sex, and give their days and nights to the correction of these, to urging their sisters to be women instead of dolls; earnest, noble, high-minded and aspiring human beings, instead of mere puppets of fashion, and the playthings of society, they would be turning their talents to much more practical account, and doing much more to hasten on the millennium they seek, than at present.

Rev. W. F. Lacount sends an offering for the camp-meeting: —

"THE VERY GOD OF PEACE SANCTIFY YOU WHOLLY."

This inspired prayer is full of promise to all who have passed from death unto life. It is the voice of God to all the justified, regenerated, sanctified children of God. The promise of God, fulfilled to us by our initiation into the mysteries of a new life, gives assurance that He who has called us to holiness will aid our endeavors to reach this great grace of entire sanctification. It is the child of God walking in the light, who sees and feels the need of this full conformity of soul, body, and spirit, to the will of God, in the fullness of grace. Experience proves that our fidelity to God and our spirituality are the measures of our desire and conviction from the highest attainment in grace. Nearness to God, inspires us to sing —

"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

Nearness to God gives us these discoveries of ourselves which constrain us to cry to God for entire sanctification of soul, body, and spirit. Distance from God is shadowy, and often hides great imperfections from our view. It is when we "walk in the light" that we see and feel the need of per-

fect holiness. It is the presence of heavenly guests in our hearts which leads to care for its cleanliness and the manner of its furnishing. When Peter saw a divine Lord on the shore of Galilee, he fell at His feet in worship, yet he cried "depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." Yet Peter followed that divine Lord in a quenchless love, doing and suffering cheerfully the most severe trials, and at last died a martyr to his faith in Christ. So we see this thought very clearly illustrated in the experience of the prophet Isaiah. God would present Himself in a glorious manner to him. Mid revelations of power and glory, and the seraphic cry of "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory." Overwhelmed with such manifestations of God, Isaiah cried out, "Woe is me for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Then flew one of the seraphim having in his hand a live coal which he had taken from the altar, and laid it on the mouth of the prophet, saying, "Lo this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged." Not in this manner may we expect revelations of God. But in the experience of a godly life, from the stand-point of a sanctified heart, we may be inspired with intense longings to be "sanctified wholly."

C. A. G. makes a good point:—

The story of the family at Bethany which Jesus loved, is very dear to every Christian heart. And while reading with much pleasure, in many respects, the remarks of Rev. W. F. Lacount, and especially liking his delineation of Martha's character, it greatly pained me that he should represent Mary of Bethany as being identical with the sinful woman in the city (Query, Jerusalem?) who came to the house of Simon the Pharisee, as related in Luke vii. 37. Her name is not given, and the words of Jesus concerning her are very different from these about the woman mentioned by Matthew, Mark and John. As will be seen from the first verse of the eighth chapter of Luke, the time of this event must have been long before the feast in the house of Simon the Leper. That took place only two days before the Passover as related in Matt. xxvi., and Mark xiv. John xii. 2, says it was Mary who anointed Jesus for burial, and the apparent disagreement in the time I think can be reconciled by considering that while Jesus came to Bethany six days before the Passover, the supper at Simon's house did not take place till two days before it.

Seeing from this that the account in Luke relates to another event, it seems to me that there is no scriptural evidence that Mary of Bethany was ever a woman of ill fame, and I was troubled that such an idea should be spread abroad by the large circulation of your truly excellent journal.

We conclude the meeting with some happy verses by S. A. on—

THE ONLY WAY.

We've tarried with thy followers, Lord,
For many and many a day,
We thought we did the Master's will,
And in His own good way.

We said we loved Thy holy law,
And called our love so true,
Because our willing hearts and hands
Sought loving work to do.

We claimed God's grace, to Him we came,
In His dear name who died,
And all we asked for the sweet sake
Of Christ, the crucified.

Our thoughts were good, our faith was firm,
Our prayers were all sincere,
We sought an answer as we'd planned,
Nor found it anywhere.

O, blinded eyes, ye could not see
The way your Master went!
O, deafened ears ye could not hear
The answer Jesus sent!

We looked for some great work to do,
The Lord to glorify,
The little things that thronged our path,
We passed unheeding by.

And so we missed the Master's will,
And made His glory less,
Followed our ways and not our Lord's,
And sought ourselves to bless.

Bowed low in sorrow at His feet,
Now wait we for the word,
And here, at length, the message sent
From Christ, the loving Lord.

How clear it came, how solemn too,
The words the dear Lord's own,—
"The children of the heavenly King
By fruits shall all be known."

Another too, our opened eyes,
Read with a new clear light,—
"Whate'er thy hand may find to do,
Do thou with all thy might."

Repentant yet with faith and hope,
We seek our Father's face,
We trust an Intercessor's love,
We trust a Saviour's grace.

Teach us to do Thy holy will,
And doing thus to know,—
To heed Thy Word, to do Thy work,
And in Thy likeness grow.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for Zion's Herald, by JAMES F. O. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address the Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.—THRESHING should be done soon. A rainy day will be a good time to do this work.

SOILING TO GRASS should be done this month. When mowing land is "bound out" it is better to plow it up and either plant it a year or two and then seed down or else

manure well and sow the same with grass seed on the furrow. We have for many years pursued this latter course and feel certain that if it is properly done good results will follow.

In this way we have raised large crops the next season after sowing.

DIGGING MUCK.—Don't let the season pass by without securing a large quantity of this valuable material for use during the next year. One who has never tried it has very little idea of the value of such material, to mix with stable manure and absorb the liquid.

TRIMMING TREES.—If large limbs are to be cut off, now is a very good time to attend to the work.

STRAWBERRIES will need to be weeded or they will not cover the ground well for next season.

If the runners are not inclined to take root on account of the dry weather it is better to go through the rows and just lay them down, covering the runners just enough to induce them to take root freely. This course is a good one when the plantation is not extensive, but when they are set by the acre they must take their chance.

FLOWING AND SEEDING MEADOW LAND.—It is not often the case that one desires to plant meadow land, for there are few crops that will pay for raising. Formerly, before the potato-rot made its appearance, this crop was successfully raised on meadow land, and it left the ground in excellent condition to be sown to grass. We admire the plowing of such land with a plow that will turn it over perfectly flat, and even then, harrow well and top-dress with good fine manure. Sow the seed, brush or harrow it in, after which a roller can be used to advantage, though some object to its use. This work should be done in August, the earlier the better, that the grass may get a good firm hold before winter.

We sow hard's-grass and redtop, but never clover on such land. We know there are some who sow white clover seed, but if this is done at all, it should be done early in spring, on the last snow, that it may be washed in by the spring rains.

MOWING BUSHES.—This very important work should be attended to right after haying, not perhaps, because it is the best time to kill them, but because it is a comparatively leisure time, and when one fully realizes the necessity for such work, as he looks over the pastures and roadsides. Many pastures are very much injured by the neglect of the owner to keep down the bushes. The roadsides are often greatly improved in appearance by a free use of the brush scythe.

CUTTING STALKS.—There is some difference of opinion as to which is the best time to top corn. It has been our custom for years to wait until there was a little yellow appearance of the tops, a slight fading, and then to cut them; others prefer to wait until they are nearly dry; and still others prefer to let the tops ripen gradually and naturally with the whole plant. We believe there is some advantage in cutting the stalks, but would not do it too early. We should like very much to hear from our farmer friends on this subject.

FLOWER SEEDS should be carefully gathered as they mature for next year's planting. Remember that the earliest and best only should be saved. This rule will apply to nearly all seeds.

DRAINS.—At this season of the year it is important to look after the drains already constructed, and to put in new ones where needed. There are thousands of acres of land that could be immensely improved by draining, not only for agricultural purposes but greatly improved in many other respects. Now it becomes important to know how permanent drains can be made with the least outlay of cash and labor. Within a few years drain-tile made from brick clay, and burned as brick are burned, have come into use, and they answer a most excellent purpose. Stones can be used to good advantage. If they are flat and wide they can be so set as to resemble the letter A, and then covered with brush or hay to prevent the mud or earth from washing down to obstruct them. Then, a good drain can be made from plank, and where it is kept wet all the time it will last many years. Then, open ditches are preferable to all, and when they become clogged they can easily be cleaned out. The drain-tile for a covered drain, are probably the best thing that can be used, though there are some objections to the use of them. Let every one who has wet land that should be reclaimed, put in drains of some sort, and a short time will be sufficient to show the great advantage to be derived from such a system.

KEEPING POTATOES.—It will soon be time to dig the potatoes that were planted early, and it may be desirable to keep them. Rather send them to market at this season of the year. We have always felt that it was far better to leave the potatoes in the ground until the middle or last of September, but of late years have dug them and placed them in the cellar even the last of August. Potatoes formerly were sure to keep well in the cellar, or certainly not rot as they have for the past ten years. It was the practice of our fathers to keep them in a perfectly dark place, for they knew, as we all do, that light soon ruins the tubers by turning them green, and giving a bad flavor. It is still the custom in some places to put them in pits in the ground, but there is a good deal of work in this plan, they cannot be got at very easily, and that course should not be adopted. The best way we know, is to dig them soon after they are fully ripe, sorting

out all decayed tubers, then placing the sound ones in barrels or boxes, or else spread them out on the cellar bottom, which is better if the cellar is not wet, not over two or three feet in depth, when all light is excluded and as far as possible the heat, and then the potatoes will keep well. If a furnace is used the vegetable cellar should be bricked off so that the vegetables may not be withered and destroyed during the winter. Air may be admitted to keep the cellar cool, the cooler the better, if there be no frost. It is almost impossible to have good table potatoes without some such arrangement for their preservation.

The Righteous Dead.

Rev. JOSEPH CLARK was born in Gloucester, in the State of Rhode Island, July 27, 1802.

At the early age of six years he began to be impressed with religious feelings, and continued to be more or less exercised with such impressions until he was 19 years old, when he became so deeply impressed with the necessity of a change of heart and life, that, as he says in his memoranda, it continued to affect him more and more until May, 1822, when he set out with a full determination to seek the pardoning mercy of God. He lived on, seeking the Lord, sometimes almost despairing; but his mind was fixed in the one work. He continued thus until the first of April, 1823, when he was enabled to see his way clear, and to embrace the Saviour. He continued in the duties of life, and soon joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he continued to live, increasing in the love of God, until, in the year 1826, he was appointed class-leader, and says that he then felt the need of a deeper work of grace in his heart; he was enabled to seek and find, as he expressed it, that Christ saved the uttermost. He lived in the favor of God, often speaking of the dealings and mercies of God in the clearest manner, especially in the belief that he was called to be a preacher of Christ, for which he received a license to preach some time in the year 1829.

About this time he moved to Ellington, Ct. Here, and in several other places, he spent eight years of his life in useful employ, after which he moved to Tolland, Ct., where he engaged in manufacturing, and other useful callings in life. As a preacher he ever was faithful, and in the places where he labored was gladly received, and highly respected; and for his ministerial labors, doubtless many will call him blessed in the eternal world. As a leader and steward, he served the Church of his choice for forty-two years in the most acceptable manner. As a Christian citizen he ever exhibited, in the clearest manner, the saving grace of the Gospel of Christ. Like John the Evangelist, he was a beloved disciple of Christ; he truly walked with God to the end of life (until God took him), which came on the 23rd of April, 1869. After a short illness of twelve hours, he passed away without a struggle or a pang.

Bro. Clark leaves a widowed companion, with whom he had lived for more than forty-two years. The sympathy of the Church is with her in her great affliction. The loss is felt by all who knew him; but he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

Tolland, Ct., Aug. 4, 1869.

F. A. METCALF.

Mrs. ABRA C., wife of Rev. Elmer N. Maynard, and daughter of the late Samuel and Susan Ray, died May 2, 1869, in the 51st year of her age.

The subject of this memoir was born in Slatersville, R. I., on the 23d of June, 1818. She was a woman of very strong local attachments; no place seemed so dear, beautiful, or attractive as the home of her childhood, reared by her father's hands, and beautified by works of art and nature's pleasant surroundings. She was a woman endowed by nature with more than ordinary powers of mind; yet having inherited a frail constitution, it at times lost its balance, and caused her to endure great mental and physical sufferings. Her sufferings at three different times were so severe and protracted, as to reduce her to a mere skeleton; but when in the enjoyment of reason and health in any good degree, she was one whose price was far above rubies—social, intelligent, refined, benevolent, public-spirited and self-sacrificing, of an amiable, uniform temperament, a kind companion, and sincere friend. At an early age she was convinced of the importance of religion, and after a severe struggle with the powers of darkness, she gained the victory, through faith in her Saviour, and connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a worthy member until she died. In all the tender relations of life, as daughter, sister, and wife, she was kind and devoted, and conducted herself with conscientious fidelity. Her loss is deeply felt, not only by her friends and the Church, but also in the large circle of her acquaintance in the community where she had so long dwelt.

In 1839, after a school and social acquaintance of some years, she was joined in marriage with the writer by Rev. T. A. Taylor, on the 23d of September, and cheerfully shared with him the joys and sorrows incident to that happy relation for almost thirty years. Her last sickness came sudden and unexpected by her, as well as to her friends, and so dark, mysterious, and complicated in its nature, as to baffle human skill, and prevent the bestowment of those kindly services which friends so cheerfully render to sick loved ones, to soothe their dying pillow.

The first Sabbath of the new year was welcomed with joy, and gladly did she go up to the courts of the Lord's house, to worship with His people. It was the last time she was permitted to worship with the Church militant. That very night the clouds began to gather over our happy home. The disease, which had twice before deprived her of reason, again appeared, with increasing severity; and for four months the contest lasted, and then death claimed the victory, and my loved and cherished companion passed from the sorrows of earth to her home in heaven. But my loss is her gain. Thy will, O God, be done.

Slatersville, R. I., Aug. 3, 1869.

ELMER N. MAYNARD.

Mrs. ELIZABETH JOHNSON died in East Pittston, July 27, 1869, aged 55 years and 1 month.

Her sickness was protracted to sixteen years, which she endured with unusual patience and resignation; but she was ready to depart. She was found upon her watchtower, looking for the coming of the Lord, with her lamp trimmed, and her light burning. No reasonable doubt can be entertained but that she has exchanged the cross for the crown; the sorrows and trials of earth for the joys and bliss of heaven. She is not lost, but gone before; not dead, but simply transfigured to a higher, purer, and infinitely happier life.

A. S. FRESCOTT.

JOHN K. BAKER, of Peabody, aged 55 years, 5 months, and 9 days, fell asleep in Jesus, Sunday, the 18th of July.

He was one of the first members of the South Danvers Church, and has sustained it with unabated interest through its almost hopeless struggles for life, and lived to see it a flourishing Church. His sufferings, for three months before his departure, were intense—sometimes producing the convulsion of his whole body, as in ague chills. At such times he would lift his voice in prayer, and break forth in praises to God. He was wonderfully sustained by Divine grace, and the many who called to see him, or watched by his bedside, were greatly confirmed in their faith in Christ; and we hope sinners there resolved to seek the Lord. The Church, two children, and a wife mourn his absence; but we have received a rich legacy in his godly life and triumphant death.

Peabody, Aug. 2, 1869.

W. G. LEONARD.

Mrs. ESTHER DENNISON died in Thorndike, July 14, 1869, aged nearly 80 years.

Mother Dennison was a woman of great courage and fortitude, with a Christian experience disciplined by trial, and perfected by grace. She died in the faith of the Gospel.

N. FELLOWS.

The Secular World.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

They had exciting times in Albany last week, over the railroad war which has broken out between the Erie and the Susquehanna roads. The quarrel has been fermenting for some time, but on the 9th and 10th several real skirmishes were fought, under the lead of Mr. Ramsey of the Susquehanna, and Mr. James Fiske, jr., of the Erie. As many as 1,400 men were engaged, and pistols, stones, clubs, bludgeons and fists were freely used. The Erie people conduct the war in a business-like way, and rations are regularly served by an old army officer. The field of battle is near Binghamton, N. Y., between Tunnel Station and Hopkinton, on the line of the Susquehanna Railroad. The *Tribune* correspondent, who seems to have a truly New York enjoyment of a row, gives a lively account of the hostilities. No one seems yet to have been killed outright, but the number of the wounded is quite formidable. "The Erie men," says the correspondent above, "sustained nearly all the injuries. The Albany men, flushed with success, attacked vigorously. Pistols were used, with stones, clubs, and fists. Threats, cries, and horrid oaths were intermingled so as to be quite unintelligible except as to their hideousness and profanity. Some of the men were drunk. The fight was continued until about eight o'clock, when, the 44th Regiment having arrived, the Albany men left the field and returned to the other end of the tunnel."

How, or when, these matters will be adjusted, we know not; in the meantime, we naturally shudder at the thought of what may happen next, when such disgraceful proceedings are permitted. Why may not two rival tailors mount their geese and attack each other with their needles, with all their journeymen, apprentices, sewing girls and cash boys at their back, thus obstructing the streets and retarding business of all kinds, and perhaps keeping forty customers out of the latest styles? Why may not two street fruit vendors declare war from their respective donkey carts and pelt one another with peaches? In fine, why may not every man do what seems good in his own eyes, and snap his fingers at law and order generally? Is this what we are coming to? It looks like it.

P. S. Governor Hoffman has given the contending parties to the Susquehanna Railroad war to understand, that all riotous demonstrations on either end of the route must cease, and the question of control be decided by the courts. The Governor has appointed General James McQuade as superintendent, who will see to the running of trains for public accommodation.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 11th. The speech from the Throne was by royal commission. In reference to the United States, the Queen says:

"Her Majesty announces to you, with pleasure, that she continues to receive from foreign powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition; that her confidence in the preservation of peace has been continued and confirmed during the present year. The negotiations in which Her Majesty was engaged with the United States, have been suspended by mutual consent. Her Majesty earnestly hopes this delay may tend to maintain the relations between the two countries, on a durable basis of friendship."

On the other great question, the Irish Church:

"The Queen firmly trusts that the act may promote the work of peace in Ireland, and help to unite all classes of its people in that fraternal concord with their English and Scottish fellow subjects, which must ever form the chief source of strength in Her Majesty's extended empire."

The difficulty between the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt is exerting considerable influence on the diplomatic relations of nearly all the European courts. The court at St. Petersburg is the last to be involved; its reception of a letter from Austria announcing the intended visit of Ismail Pasha to Russia, gave rise to a report that the Porte had received information of a letter compromising the Viceroy in regard to his relations with the Czar. The report is pronounced false.

A plot for poisoning the bread to be used by the inhabitants of Santa Espiritu on a certain day, has been discovered by the Spanish authorities, and several parties implicated have been arrested.

On the 13th, the Orangemen in Ireland celebrated the anniversary of the capture of Derry. No disturbances took place.

The river Nile is lower than it has been within a hundred and fifty years. The prospects for a large crop of cotton in Egypt are favorable.

Two steamers, the *Germania* and the *Cleopatra*, went ashore at Trepassy Bay, Newfoundland, on the 7th, a dense fog prevailing at the time. No lives were lost, and some of the mails have been recovered by divers. The vessels are a total wreck.

Mr. Motley, the American minister, has appointed Mr. Eastman, of Queenstown, consul of the United States, at Glasgow, pro tem.

NEWS NOTES.—The Canada loan bill passed the House of Lords on the 10th.—Hon. John Young, of Canada, has just returned from Europe to Montreal, where he has been successful in forming a company to lay a submarine cable from

northern Europe to America, by way of Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland.—James Milliken, of Philadelphia, has successfully solicited the cooperation of the British fleet with the American squadron in the Chinese waters, for their assistance and protection in laying a submarine cable along the coast of China.—A new ministry has been formed in Portugal.—Twelve priests charged with complicity in the Carlist insurrection, have been arrested at Burgos, Spain.—The Carlist bands in Spain are everywhere meeting with defeat.—The emigration of the French Canadians to the United States, is causing considerable inquiry as to how it may be prevented.—A soldier's monument was dedicated at Plymouth, Mass., on the 9th.—General Prim is in Paris.—Lord Waterford, Lord Paget, and Lord Parker, have been stopping at the Revere House, Boston.—The Cuban revolution is almost at a standstill.

FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

MR. LONGFELLOW AT OXFORD.—Yesterday, after a year's unavoidable delay, the degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon Mr. H. W. Longfellow by the University of Oxford, at a convocation specially held for the purpose of adding the name of this most cherished of American poets to the list of those worthies whom the University delights to honor. It was only through entirely accidental circumstances that the author of "Evangeline" and the "Psalm of Life" was prevented a year ago from receiving, in his own person, this tribute to his genius and character, and to the genius and character of the great English-speaking race of the New World, who have recognized in him the true scion of a long line of intellectual ancestors in the old country. Mr. Longfellow now joins a noble band of "Doctors," among whom several of his own illustrious fellow-countrymen have preceded him. He would probably have encountered a noisier, but certainly not a less cordial or enthusiastic welcome at the hands of an undergraduate audience in the Sheldonian theatre, in Commemoration week, than he did yesterday, when, in the depth of the Long Vacation, he was greeted by the smiles of a majority of ladies.

Happily an audience in which the gentler sex predominates would naturally respond with the most delicate and vivid sympathy to the just praises of a poet whose many strains are so pure, so tender, and so refined, and in whom the chivalrous respect for all that is most dear and precious in "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion" has found the sweetest of interpreters. Through Mr. Longfellow, as on former occasions through Mr. Motley and Mr. Prescott in the field of history, our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic have paid us back in kind a part, at least, of the debt they owe to the literature of the mother country. Indeed, such writers as the present American minister in England and Mr. Longfellow, make us debtors in our turn. Surely, if it be true that the whole earth is the tomb of illustrious men, it is equally true that the light and warmth of a great productive mind and great communicative heart are the common heritage of all civilized nations. At any rate, a Motley and a Longfellow are as much a part of the literature of England as a Byron and a Walter Scott of the literature of the United States. And at a moment when some questions that must deeply concern the future relation of the old and the new country are suspended, rather than settled, as all good men on both sides must desire them to be settled, it is doubly pleasant to note how that inner sense of a common parentage, that strong family likeness, and those mutual affinities of taste and feeling, which survive all controversies and all separations, make themselves continually felt in many ways, whether in brotherly contest on the sea or on the river, or in the acknowledgment of reciprocal intellectual obligations, or in the exchange of University honors—and remind us on either shore of the great ocean that "blood is thicker than water," if not more binding than ink.—*London News*, July 27.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—The *London Times* has an editorial on the relations between Great Britain and the United States, suggested by the Queen's closing speech. The writer says, the Queen's opening and closing speeches are apparently inconsistent, but the explanation is found in the fact that the international relations depend on the reciprocity of feelings of the people, and not on negotiations of their ministers. Messrs. Johnson, Stanley, and Seward have been succeeded by others, but the surer ties of peace and friendship abide on a stronger basis than diplomacy can furnish.

A discovery of a remarkable nature has just been made in the old church of Saint Gervais, Paris. Some persons who were repairing the woodwork at one of the sides in the left of the nave discovered a secret door, giving access to a small chapel, hitherto not known, the walls of which are entirely covered with excellent paintings in the Renaissance style, in good preservation. This church is extremely rich in artistic relics, possessing, among other things, a fine Albert Durer and a remarkable Pergino, besides some stained glass of Jean Cousin, the father of the French school of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

Lady Duff Gordon, so well known as an authoress, died at Cairo on the 13th inst. This gifted lady has earned a well-founded reputation, and gave bright promise of still greater achievements. As a narrator of travels, her fame will outlive her. She will be regretted by a numerous circle of friends, whose hearts are filled with kindly memories, and by the public.

The *Times*, in an article on the abolition of the Irish Church establishment, says: "Whatever its practical result may be, the measure is the boldest and greatest act of modern legislation. One consequence of the measure has been the withdrawal by the authorities of Trinity College of their opposition to the proposal for admitting Catholics and non-conformists to fellowship. The Irish bishops have shown good sense in agreeing that the laity as well as the clergy shall concur in the election of prelates in the new church. The

extreme Protestants have subsided, and the Catholics accept their triumph with gratitude and moderation."

GOSSIPGRAPHS.

—Annapolis, Nova Scotia, formerly Port Royal, and later Annapolis Royal, is one of the oldest towns on the continent, having been founded in 1605, only 113 years after the first discovery of America.

—An incipient rebellion has been defeated in the British East Indies.

—The present condition of Chicago River is described as very impure, "its liquid mass as black as ink, and almost thick as mud, while the slimy appearance of its surface, and the voluminous odors which it gives out, are positively sickening."

—Persons who marry, thereby diminish their chance of being arrested for crime. A majority of six thousand of the men arrested in New York, last year, were single, and the majority of single women over married was nearly as large.

—Young Chinese fops in New York have abandoned queues and silk frocks, and attire themselves in dress coats, stunning neckties, and patent leathers.

—Two former French schoolmates met, after a lapse of years. "So you are married, Victorine?" "Yes." "Happy?" "O, yes—perfectly happy." "You have children, of course?" "No, you know our lodgings are so small." If these were Yankee girls, Victorine would add, "And doctors' bills are so high, and nurses are so expensive—and—children are such a bother."

—At the Springfield Street Chapel, Boston, the other day, Dr. Chapin's father, who is 82 years old, and lame from a fall, was supported down the aisle by Father Cleveland, aged 98, and another spry veteran aged 100.

—The Pope's brother, Count Gabriel Mastai Ferretti, is dead at 90 years of age.

—Gladstone is an extraordinary man. He has just published a new work, *Juvenius Mundi*, in which he deals with some of the knottiest and most difficult problems of the early world. "The whole range of the Homeric poems," says the English correspondent of the National Baptist, "passes under review—the literature, the social habits, the mythology, the speech, the philosophy and morals of the early Greeks and their contemporaries, are discussed with the learning and scholarship of a man who might have had nothing else to do; yet these essays must have been written in the intervals of exhausting and exciting labor. He, like many other great men, finds a change of occupation to be rest."

—The cable Telegraph Companies have reduced their rate to \$7.50 per message of ten words, and 75 cents for each extra word.

—Prince Arthur is expected to arrive in Halifax about the 23d instant.

—Vice-President Colfax and party are receiving great attention in Nevada.

—Hon. E. M. Stanton and family, have been stopping at the St. James Hotel, Boston, for some days.

—J. Meredith Read jr., is appointed Consul-General of the United States at Paris.

—Peaches are more abundant than ever they were before in this country.

—George H. Pendleton has accepted the nomination of the Democratic Convention for Governor of Ohio.

—Sir Henry Holland and a few other distinguished English gentlemen are about to visit America, accompanied by his second son, Rev. Mr. Holland. Sir Henry leaves Liverpool on the 24th inst., and after a brief visit to Mr. Alpinwall, at his country-seat, will make an extended Western excursion, in company with Hon. William M. Evarts.

—Rev. Philip Brooks, of Philadelphia, has accepted a call to the rectorship of Trinity Church, in Boston. He will probably enter upon his duties there in October.

—William Jordan, one of the very last of the companions of Scott, Moore, Byron and Wordsworth, and for many years editor of the *Literary Gazette*, died in England lately, in his 91st year.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—The necessity of some more thorough and systematic training of girls, in the several handicrafts in which they are employed, has long been felt. They, in most cases, acquire but an imperfect knowledge of the trade by which they earn their living, and consequently neither give that satisfaction which is desirable, nor, of course, can they command so high a rate of pay as their male rivals. To obviate and remedy these evils in some measure, in this city, Mrs. L. S. Batchelder, has commenced an Industrial School in Stanford Street, where girls are taught various branches of employment, to which it is designed to add that of printing. Through the instrumentality of the School Committee, the city has appropriated \$3,000 toward this object; and the public are earnestly called upon to endorse the movement, by lending material aid, or such other help and assistance as may seem proper.

CAMP-MEETING NOTICE.

Those who purpose to attend "Maple Grove Camp-meeting," in Bath, N. H., who will be in need of lumber, are hereby requested to notify Br. E. B. Lovejoy of Landaff, accordingly. Please specify what dimensions of lumber is needed, and he will furnish the same.

Br. George Gordon will furnish straw, and cart the baggage to and from the ground at reasonable rates.

Board will be furnished as follows:—\$3.50 for the week, \$1 per day, 30 per cent. discount to preachers.

Meeting will commence September 6.

By order of the Committee,

A. B. RUSSELL, Secretary.

STERLING CAMP.

Tickets for Sterling Camp-meeting, via Fitchburg Railroad, will not be for sale at the Boston depot. They can be purchased of J. P. Magee, 5 Cornhill. Price \$1.00.

Commercial.

MONDAY, AUG. 16.

There are no new features of interest in the money market, which still remains rather quiet; a limited supply of currency, however, still tending to keep rates firm. For call loans there is at present but little demand comparatively, and the best borrowers are able to obtain what they want at 6 per cent. Many of the banks, however, are still charging 7 per cent, at which rate they are able to dispose of what little surplus they may have. Discounts continue steady, bank depositors paying 7½%, and outside paper ranging from 7½% for choice notes, to 8½% for other paper ranking as first class. Government securities are:—

6's 10-40's
81 102 104 105 105 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

GENERAL BUSINESS.—In most of the articles there is little or no change to notice. The lower grades of Cotton have declined ½¢ per lb. The demand for new Wheat brands has eased a little, but otherwise the flour market remains quiet and unchanged, and very little doing. With a light stock of lard on hand, and a good demand, the market is very firm. All other descriptions of Provisions remain firm and unchanged. The market rules quiet and firm, and 37 cents is the lowest price for the best Butter, although sales have been made at a higher figure. The market for Cheese is firm, but not active, and quotations are well sustained. Good Eastern Eggs are scarce, and the best lots are held very firm at 29½¢ cents per dozen. Peaches are coming forward in abundance and in good order, and the best qualities sell at satisfactory prices.

The Markets.

CAMBRIDGE MARKET.

CATTLE.—Arrivals 504 this week against 315 a week ago. The quality of the Northern Cattle, as a general thing, were in better condition for beef, although there were some quite inferior. Last week's prices were held firm. The stock was disposed of with fair promptness. Present prices would not have been held were it not that accounts from Albany show a less supply there by 3,500 head, and advance in prices, which affects the sale of Cattle here.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Receipts of Northern Sheep and Lambs were less by 1,000 head than last week. Good lots changed hands at full prices. Many of the New York drovers disposed of their flocks on their way to market, to C. W. Bailey, to sell on commission, and thereby bring the supply into less hands upon arrival. Good Lambs in constant demand.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

CATTLE.—Cattle from the West continue to arrive freely. Arrivals during the week from Albany, 2,000 head. Upon examination, we find a good many inferior Cattle. Rates at Albany ranged ½ cent per lb. higher, on account of a light supply, and dealers would have been perfectly willing to make a corresponding advance here, but were unable to move prices from last week's rates. Trade during the early afternoon was quiet, but partially revived before night. Considerable many Cattle were sold on commission.

Receipts 3,410, mostly Western, handled by Brighton butchers on commission.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Reported for *Zion's Herald*, by GEORGE J. FOX, for the week ending Aug. 12, 1890.

Amount of Live Stock at Market.

Cattle. Sheep and Lambs. Swine.
This week.....2,621.....9,859.....2,929
Last week.....2,594.....9,738.....2,850

Prices of Market Beef.

Extra, \$12.75@13.25; first quality, 11.50@12.50; second quality, \$10.00@11.00; third quality, \$7.49@9.50.

Prices of Store Cattle.

Working Oxen, per pair, from \$150@200, to 250@300; Milch Cows and Calves from \$35, 50@65 to 75@100; Yearlings, \$15 to 25; two years old, \$30 to 42; three years old, \$40 to 55; Western Fat Swine, live, 10¢ to 11 cents; dressed, 12¢ to 13 cents per lb.; Store, wholesale, 11 to 12 cents; retail, 11 to 14 cents per lb. Columbia Co. N. Y. Pig, 15 to 17 cents per lb.

Prices of Sheep and Lambs.

In lots, \$2.25@3.00, 3.50@4.00 each; Extra, \$4.25@5.50, or from 4 to 6 cents per lb. Spring Lambs, \$3 to 5.00, Veal Calves, \$3 to 15.

Prices of Hides, Tallow, and Skins.

Brighton Hides, 9¢ to 10 cents per lb. Tallow, 7¢ to 8 cents per lb. Country Hides, 9¢ to 10 cents per lb. Calf Skins, 22 to 23 cents per lb. Lamb Skins, 50 to 60 cents; Sheared Skins, 17 to 25 cents each.

Classification of Cattle and Sheep.

N. B.—Beef Extra and First quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat Oxen. Second and Third quality includes Oxen, and two and three year old Steers.

